This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 394995

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
1817
LIBRARIES

SWIFT.

THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

## PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-NINTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, P. CADELL, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. SEWELL, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIES, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. KIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, R. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

# S W I F T ' S

# P O E M S.

## VOLUME I.



LYRICS

# POEMS

## By Dr. SWIFT.

## ODE,

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-park, June, 1689.

I.

VIRTUE, the greateſt of all monarchies!
Till, its firſt emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his ſeat,
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into ſmall ſtates and principalities,
By many a petty lord poſſeſs'd,
But ne'er ſince ſeated in one ſingle breaſt!
'Tis you who muſt this land ſubdue,
The mighty conqueſt 's left for you,
The conqueſt and diſcovery too;
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's Terra Incognita,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever ſince but in deſcriptions found,
Like the philoſopher's ſtone,
With rules to ſearch it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led aſtray;
Too long have our miſguided ſouls been taught
With rules from muſty morals brought,
'Tis you muſt put us in the way;
Let us (for ſhame!) no more be fed
With antique reliques of the dead,
The gleanings of philoſophy,
Philoſophy, the lumber of the ſchools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our preſent life in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ignorance Learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treaſure and our food;
Nature's fair table-book, our tender ſouls,
We ſcrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the ſchools:
For Learning's mighty treaſures look
In that deep grave a book;
Think that ſhe there does all her treaſures hide,
And that her troubled ghoſt ſtill haunts there ſince ſhe dy'd.
Confine her walks to colleges and ſchools;
Her prieſts, her train, and followers ſhow
As if they all were ſpectres too!
They purchaſe knowledge at th' expence
Of common breeding, common ſenſe,
And grow at once ſcholars and fools;

Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeneſs, ill-nature, incivility,
And, ſick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they ſwallow down,
Still caſt it up, and nauſeate company.

IV.

Curſt be the wretch! nay doubly curſt!
(If it may lawful be
To curſe our greateſt enemy)
Who learnt himſelf that hereſy firſt
(Which ſince has ſeiz'd on all the reſt)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our ſcraps before our door!
Thrice happy you have 'ſcap'd this general peſt;
Thoſe mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at laſt united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one:
I muſt, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace;
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
Their courting a retreat like you,
Unleſs I put in Cæſar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of ſouls.

V.

Let not old Rome boaſt Fabius' fate;
He ſav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace.
You bought it at a cheaper rate;

Nor has it left the uſual bloody ſcar,
To ſhew it coſt its price in war;
War! that mad game the world ſo loves to play,
And for it does ſo dearly pay;
For, though with loſs or victory a while
Fortune the gameſters does beguile,
Yet at the laſt the box ſweeps all away.

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blaſt:
Th' artillery of the ſkies
Shoots to the earth, and dies;
Nor ever green and flouriſhing 'twill laſt,
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans
About the head crown'd with theſe bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Makes up its ſolemn train with death;
It melts the ſword of war, yet keeps it in the ſhe

VII.

The wily ſhifts of ſtate, thoſe jugglers' tricks,
Which we call deep deſigns and politicks
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Becauſe the cords eſcape their eye,
Wonder to ſee the motions fly);
Methinks, when you expoſe the ſcene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizards, and diſcover all:
How plain I ſee through the deceit!
How ſhallow, and how groſs, the cheat!

Look where the pully 's tied above!
Great God! (ſaid I) what have I ſeen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and deſigns of ſtates!
What petty motives rule their fates!
How the mouſe makes the mighty mountain ſhake!
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frighten'd peaſants fly,
Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect ſome great gigantic ſon of earth;
Lo! it appears!
See how they tremble! how they quake!
Out ſtarts the little beaſt, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

Then tell, dear favourite Muſe!
What ſerpent 's that which ſtill reſorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light.
See where ſhe lies!
See how ſhe rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas ſure this baſiliſk ſent Temple thence,
And though as ſome ('tis ſaid) for their defence
Have worn a caſement o'er their ſkin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and tranſparent innocence;
And though he oft' renew'd the fight,
And almoſt got priority of ſight,

He ne'er could overcome her quite
(In pieces cut, the viper ſtill did re-unite),
Till, at laſt, tir'd with loſs of time and eaſ
Reſolv'd to give himſelf, as well as country, peac

IX.

Sing, belov'd Muſe! the pleaſures of retreat,
And in ſome untouch'd virgin ſtrain
Shew the delights thy ſiſter Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, ſing of thy woods, ſing of thy fi
Go publiſh o'er the plain
How mighty a proſelyte you gain!
How noble a repriſal on the great!
How is the Muſe luxuriant grown!
Whene'er ſhe takes this flight,
She ſoars clear out of ſight.
Theſe are the paradiſes of her own:
(The Pegaſus, like an unruly horſe,
Though ne'er ſo gently led
To the lov'd paſture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his uſual courſe.)
Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear-lov'd ſtreams,
The crooked paths of wandering Thames!
Fain the fair nymph would ſtay,
Oft' ſhe looks back in vain,
Oft' 'gainſt her fountain does complain,
And ſoftly ſteals in many windings down,
As loth to ſee the hated court and town,
And murmurs as ſhe glides away.

X.

In this new happy ſcene
Are nobler ſubjects for your learned pen;
Here we expect from you
More than your predeceſſor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder, or our ſport,
Whatever ſerves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel ſee
(Whoſe well-compacted forms eſcape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of ſight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree;
Whence takes it its increaſe, and whence its birth,
Or from the ſun, or from the air, or from the earth,
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How ſome go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiouſly upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You ſtrove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden 's better worth your noble pain,
Here mankind fell, and hence muſt riſe again.

XI.

Shall I believe a ſpirit ſo divine
Was caſt in the ſame mold with mine?
Why then does Nature ſo unjuſtly ſhare
Among her elder ſons the whole eſtate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we! cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at beſt with lumber and the leavings of a fare:
Some ſhe binds 'prentice to the ſpade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade,

Some ſhe does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet ſends us to look out for ſtra
Some ſhe condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philoſophy :
Me ſhe has to the Muſe's gallies tied,
In vain I ſtrive to croſs this ſpacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And, when I almoſt reach the ſhore,
Straight the Muſe turns the helm, and I launch out aga
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, ſtops my complaining breath,
With promiſe of a mad reverſion after death.

XII.

Then, Sir, accept this worthleſs verſe,
The tribute of an humble Muſe,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard ſtars ;
Nature the hidden ſpark did at my birth infuſe,
And kindled firſt with indolence and eaſe ;
And, ſince too oft' debauch'd by praiſe,
'Tis now grown an incurable diſeaſe :
In vain to quench this fooliſh fire I try
In wiſdom and philoſophy ;
In vain all wholeſome herbs I ſow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

# O D E,

## TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

I.

AS when the deluge firſt began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again
(When this huge body's moiſture was ſo great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat);
That mountain, which was higheſt firſt of all,
Appear'd above the univerſal main,
To bleſs the primitive ſailor's weary ſight!
And 'twas perhaps Parnaſſus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to Heaven as is its name:
So, after th' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little houſhold did embark
With her world's fruitful ſyſtem in her ſacred ark,
At the firſt ebb of noiſe and fears,
Philoſophy's exalted head appears;
And the Dove-Muſe will now no longer ſtay,
But plumes her ſilver wings, and flies away;
And now a laurel wreath ſhe brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To ſhew the flood begins to ceaſe,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II. The

II.

The eager Muſe took wing upon the waves' decline
When war her cloudy aſpect juſt withdrew,
When the bright ſun of peace began to ſhine,
And for a while in heavenly contemplation ſat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the firſt
grew,
The firſt of plants after the thunder, ſtorm, and rai
And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the King *.
And the Dove-Muſe is fled once more
(Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war);
And now diſcovers from afar
A peaceful and a flouriſhing ſhore:
No ſooner did ſhe land
On the delightful ſtrand,
Then ſtraight ſhe ſees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens crow
And many a pleaſant wood!
As if the univerſal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd:
It ſeems ſome floating piece of paradiſe,
Preſerv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,

* The Ode I writ to the King in Ireland. SWIFT
This cannot now be recovered.

And the tranſported Muſe imagin'd it
Be a fitter birth-place for the God of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove;
When with amazing joy ſhe hears
unknown muſick all around
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly ſong
nature and of art, of deep philoſophy and love,
ilſt angels tune the voice, and God inſpires the tongue,
1 vain ſhe catches at the empty ſound,
ain purſues the muſick with her longing eye,
nd courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

lon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
wild excurſions of a youthful pen *;
orgive a young, and (almoſt) Virgin-Muſe,
Vhom blind and eager curioſity
(Yet curioſity, they ſay,
1 her ſex a crime needs no excuſe)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
:r a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
wonder then ſhe quits the narrow path of ſenſe
or a dear ramble through impertinence;
npertinence! the ſcurvy of mankind.
l all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
hough we be of two different factions ſtill,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
et whereſoe'er you look, you 'll always find
join, like flies and waſps, in buzzing about wit.

* See Dr. Swift's very remarkable Letter to the Athe-
Society, in the Supplement to his Works.

In

In me, who am of the firſt ſect of theſe,
All merit, that tranſcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled ſcanty ſenſe,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praiſe.
And our good brethren of the ſurly ſect
Muſt e'en all herd us with their kindred fools:
For though, poſſeſs'd of preſent vogue, they 've m
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade;
Yet the ſame want of brains produces each effect.
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wiſely ſhroud
From us the blind and thoughtleſs croud,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences ſee,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

VI.

But cenſure 's to be underſtood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public ſtamp Heaven ſets on all that 's great and g
Our ſhallow ſearch and judgement to direct.
The war methinks has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Inſtead of boldly ſailing far, to buy
A ſtock of wiſdom and philoſophy,
We fondly ſtay at home, in fear
Of every cenſuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the ſale,
And ſelling baſely by retail.
The wits, I mean the atheiſts of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the ſtag
Wond

Wondrous refiners of philoſophy,
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modiſh ſyſtem of reducing all to ſenſe,
Againſt all logick and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cauſe.

V.

This hopeful ſect, now it begins to ſee
How little, very little, do prevail
Their firſt and chiefeſt force
To cenſure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another courſe:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of ſolving all appearances they pleaſe,
We ſoon ſhall ſee them to their ancient methods fall,
And ſtraight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave anſwer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to ſay, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond miſtake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms juſtling in a heap,
Which from eternal ſeeds begun,
Juſtling ſome thouſand years till ripen'd by the ſun;
They 're now, juſt now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI. But

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who muſt my weakneſs and my ignorance confeſs,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to ſee;
Methinks I 'm ſatisfy'd to gueſs,
That this new, noble, and delightful ſcene
Is wonderfully mov'd by ſome exalted men,
Who have well ſtudied in the world's diſeaſe
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgement or our eye),
That what ſurprizes us can only pleaſe.
We often ſearch contentedly the whole world round,
To make ſome great diſcovery;
And ſcorn it when 'tis found.
Juſt ſo the mighty Nile has ſuffer'd in its fame,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid (and perhaps only ſaid)
We 've found a little inconſiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal ſtream.
Conſider human folly, and you 'll quickly own,
That all the praiſes it can give,
By which ſome fondly boaſt they ſhall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Elſe why ſhould the fam'd Lydian king
(Whom all the charms of an uſurped wife and ſtate,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be great,
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, ſtill doat, on his inviſible ring?

VII. Wer

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the ſight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Becauſe, alas! when we all die,
Careleſs and ignorant poſterity,
Although they praiſe the learning and the wit,
And though the title ſeems to ſhow
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how ſhall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Leſs ſhould I daub it o'er with tranſitory praiſe,
And water-colours of theſe days:
Theſe days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loſs for figures to expreſs
Mens' folly, whimſies, and inconſtancy,
And by a faint deſcription makes them leſs.
Then tell us what is Fame, where ſhall we ſearch for it?
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion ſit
Enthron'd with heavenly Wit!
Look where you ſee
The greateſt ſcorn of learned vanity!
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whoſe reaſon is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a tranſfuſion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!)
And when you find out theſe, believe true Fame is there,

Far

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in yc

VIII.

The juggling ſea-god, when by chance trepan'd
By ſome inſtructed queriſt ſleeping on the ſand,
Impatient of all anſwers, ſtrait became
A ſtealing brook, and ſtrove to creep away
Into his native ſea,
Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his ſtream;
But, diſappointed of his fond deſire,
Would vaniſh in a pyramid of fire.
This ſurly ſlippery God, when he deſign'd
To furniſh his eſcapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of ſhapes
Than you to pleaſe and ſatisfy mankind,
And ſeem (almoſt) transform'd to water, flame, and a
So well you anſwer all phænomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philoſophers and fool
With all that factious or enthuſiaſtic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the ſchools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and ſham
Contrive to ſhock your minds with many a ſenſeleſs doul
Doubts where the Delphic God would grope in ign
rance and night,
The God of learning and of light
Would want a God himſelf to help him out.

IX.

Philoſophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd ſome ungrateful taſte
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it paſs'd,

But always with a ſtronger reliſh of the laſt.
This beauteous queen, by Heaven deſign'd
To be the great original
For man to dreſs and poliſh his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her ſince the fall!
More oft' in fools and madmens hands than ſages,
She ſeems a medley of all ages,
With a huge fardingale to ſwell her fuſtian ſtuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long ſweeping train
Of comments and diſputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How ſoon have you reſtor'd her charms
And rid her of her lumber and her books,
Dreſt her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great!
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of Heaven is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding Muſe oft' blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
And changes all to beauty, and the praiſe
Of that proud tyrant ſex of hers.
The rebel Muſe, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conſpire
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend!

Rather forgive what my firſt tranſport ſaid:
May all the blood, which ſhall by woman's ſcorn be ſhed
Lie upon you and on your childrens' head!
For you (ah! did I think I e'er ſhould live to ſee
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have ev'n increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman ſeems now above all vanity grown,
Still boaſting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vaſt charges of a ſmile;
Which 'tis a ſhame to ſee how much of late
You 've taught the covetous wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they 've now the conſciences to weigh
In the ſame balance with our tears,
And with ſuch ſcanty wages pay
The bondage and the ſlavery of years.
Let the vain ſex dream on; the empire comes from us,
And, had they common generoſity,
They would not uſe us thus.
Well—though you 've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourſelves are rais'd as well as ſhe;
And, ſpite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happineſs enough to me
Still to be of the ſame exalted ſex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting and how vain,
Is ev'n the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I ſigh whene'er I think of it:
As at the cloſing of an unhappy ſcene

Of ſome great king and conqueror's death,
When the ſad melancholy Muſe
Stays but to catch his utmoſt breath.
I grieve, this nobler work moſt happily begun,
So quickly and ſo wonderfully carry'd on,
May fall at laſt to intereſt, folly, and abuſe.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which ſtill the ſooner it arrives,
Although we boaſt our winter-ſun looks bright,
And fooliſhly are glad to ſee it at its height,
Yet, ſo much ſooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conqueſt ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flouriſh'd under a ſucceſſor or a ſon;
It loſt ſome mighty pieces through all hands it paſt,
And vaniſh'd to an empty title in the laſt.
For, when the animating mind is fled
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again),
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men ſhall dare
To be ſucceſſors to theſe great unknown,
On Learning's high-eſtabliſh'd throne.
Cenſure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberleſs nations, ſtretching far and wide,
Shall (I foreſee it) ſoon with Gothic ſwarms come forth
From Ignorance's univerſal North,

And with blind rage break all this peaceful governmen
Yet ſhall theſe traces of your wit remain,
Like a juſt map, to tell the vaſt extent
Of conqueſt in your ſhort and happy reign;
And to all future mankind ſhew
How ſtrange a paradox is true,
That men who liv'd and dy'd without a name
Are the chief heroes in the ſacred liſt of Fame.

## Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book, 1699.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wife.
Here you may read, "Dear charming ſaint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-ſpelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A ſafe way to uſe perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux:
On t'other ſide "Laid out for ſhoes"—
"Madam, I die without your grace"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?

In power of ſpittle and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He 's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

## MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

### 1699.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of Ireland* the humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries;

Humbly ſheweth,

That I went to warm myſelf in lady Betty's † chamber becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſix pence, beſides farthings, in money and gold:
So, becauſe I had been buying things for my Lady laſt night,
I was reſolved to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.

* The earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterward Germaine.

Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, Lord! I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain caſe.
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.

So

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's * box, ty'd in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle †, and he fell a-ſwearing:
Then my dame Wadgar ‡ came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my lord Colway's § folks are all very ſad;
For my Lord Dromedary ‖ comes a Tueſday without fail.
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the buſineſs that I ail.
Says Cary **, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this five and twenty years, come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the ſteward ††, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time of *gooſeberries*.

* Wife to one of the footmen.
† Earl of Berkeley's valet.
‡ The old deaf houſekeeper.
Galway.
‖ The earl of Drogheda, who with the primate was to ſucceed the two earls.
** Clerk of the kitchen.
†† Ferris.

So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her fu
of grief,
(Now you muſt know, of all things in the world, I hat
a thief).
However, I was reſolv'd to bring the diſcourſe ſlil
about:
Mrs. Dukes, ſaid I, here's an ugly accident has hap
pen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips of a louſe*
But the thing I ſtand upon is the credit of the houſe.
'Tis true, ſeven pounds, four ſhillings, and ſix pence
makes a great hole in my wages:
Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheritance in theſ
ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body under
ſtands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't g
without hands.
The *devil* take me! ſaid ſhe (bleſſing herſelf) if eve
I ſaw 't!
So ſhe roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd he
all to naught.
So you know, what could I ſay to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wife as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to th
cunning man!
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame thing, the *chaplain* will b
here anon.

* An uſual ſaying of hers.

So the *chaplain* * came in. Now the ſervants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he 's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
*Parſon*, ſaid I, can you caſt a *nativity*, when a body 's plunder'd?
(Now you muſt know, he hates to be call'd *parſon* like the *devil!*)
Truly, ſays he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* ſays, d'ye ſee,
You are no *text* for my handling; ſo take that from me.
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I 'd have you to know.
*Lord!* ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a *parſon's* wife;
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me! and ſo went away.
Well: I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd. Lord! ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I have loſt my *money*, and ſhall loſe my *true love* too!

* *Dr.* Swift.

Then

Then my Lord call'd me: Harry*, ſaid my Lord, cry;
I 'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs; and, ſay Lady, ſo will I.
Oh! but, ſaid I, what if, after all, the chaplain *come to?*
For that, he ſaid, (an't pleaſe your *Excellencies,)* I petition you.
The premiſſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your *cellencies* protection,
And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's lection;
And, over and above, that I may have your *Excell* letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* aforeſaid, or, inſte him, a better:
And then your poor *petitioner*, both night and day
Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade)*, as in duty bc ſhall ever *pray*.

## A BALLAD ON THE GAME OF TRAFF

Written at the Caſtle of Dublin, 1699.

MY Lord †, to find out who muſt deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the firſt knave does ſeldom fail
To find the Doctor out.

* A cant of word of lord and lady B. to Mrs. H
† The earl of Berkeley.

But then his Honour cry'd, Gadzooks!
And ſeem'd to knit his brow:
For on a knave he never looks
But h' thinks upon Jack How *.

My Lady, though ſhe is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
Takes ſnuff, and holds the ſtakes.

Dame Floyd † looks out in grave ſuſpenſe
For pair-royals and ſequents;
But, wiſely cautious of her pence,
The caſtle ſeldom fréquents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting caſes,
I 'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third.

But Weſton has a new-caſt gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if ſhe can but win a crown,
'Twill juſt new-dye the lining.

" ‡ With theſe is *Parſon Swift*,
" Not knowing how to ſpend his time,
" Does make a wretched ſhift,
" To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

* Paymaſter to the army.
† See the verſes on this lady, p. 38.
‡ See the note, p. 28.

A BALLAD

## A BALLAD, To the Tune of, THE CUT-PURSE *.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhew his talent in Latin;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.
Cho. *Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;*
*Who would not write verſes with ſuch an aſſiſtant?*

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite;
That he came through the key-hole, or in at the caſement;
And it needs muſt be one that could both read and write:

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verſes in the author's room unfiniſhed, wrote under them the concluding ſtanza; which gave occaſion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.

Yet

Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
However, 't was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf.
Chor. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

III.

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a ſtand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains;
When he found a new help from inviſible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muſt own, you were at a dead lift:
And, though ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Chor. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

## THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wiſe lord Berkeley firſt came here *,
Stateſmen and mob expected wonders,
Nor thought to find ſo great a peer
Ere a week paſt committing blunders.
Till, on a day cut out by fate,
When folks came thick to make their court,
Out ſlipt a myſtery of ſtate,
To give the town and country ſport.

* To Ireland, as one of the lords juſtices.

Now

Now enters * Buſh with new ſtate airs,
His lordſhip's premier miniſter;
And who in all profound affairs
Is held as needful as his † clyſter.
With head reclining on his ſhoulder,
He deals and hears myſterious chat,
While every ignorant beholder
Aſks of his neighbour, who is that?
With this he put up to my lord,
The courtiers kept their diſtance due,
He twitch'd his ſleeve, and ſtole a word;
Then to a corner both withdrew.
Imagine now, my lord and Buſh
Whiſpering in junto moſt profound,
Like good king ‡ Phyz and good king Uſh,
While all the reſt ſtood gaping round.
At length a ſpark not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
To overhear the grand diſpute;
To learn what Northern kings deſign,
Or from Whitehall ſome new expreſs,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or fall of coin:
For ſure (thought he) it can't be leſs.

* Buſh, by ſome underhand inſinuation, obtain
poſt of ſecretary; which had been promiſed to Sw
† Always taken before my lord went to council
‡ See "The Rehearſal."

My lord, ſaid Buſh, a friend and I,
Diſguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning's dawn, ſtole out to ſpy
How markets went for hay and oats.
With that he draws two handfuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's excellency's ſnout,
And begs he would the other weigh.
My lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Buſh, ſmiling round on all, retreats.
Our liſtener ſtood a while confus'd,
But, gathering ſpirits, wiſely ran for 't,
Enrag'd to ſee the world abus'd
By two ſuch whiſpering kings of Brentford.

## THE PROBLEM.

### "THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE IS IN LOVE."

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ, the female ſex?
So ſweet a paſſion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a ſtink?
The ladies vow and ſwear, they 'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lye.
Love's fire, it ſeems, like inward heat,
Works in my lord by ſtool and ſweat,
Which brings a ſtink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;

Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can ſmell it.
But now, to ſolve the natural cauſe
By ſober philoſophic laws:
Whether all paſſions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to ſh—.
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know,
That the main ſtring of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t—;
But ſtill, though fix'd among the ſtars
Does ſympathize with human a—.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-ſtring at full ſtretch,
Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;
Watching the firſt unfavoury wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My lord, on fire amidſt the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.

The fair approach the ſpeaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart.
For, as when we a gun diſcharge,
Although the bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it flaſhes firſt:
So from my lord his paſſion broke,
He ſ—d firſt, and then he ſpoke.
The ladies vaniſh in the ſmother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each-one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I, that ſmelt the ſtink.
You ſmell the ſtink! by G—, you lye,
Quoth Roſs, for I'll be ſworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear:
Let's not fall out; we all had ſhare,
And, by the moſt I can diſcover,
My lord's an univerſal lover.

## THE DESCRIPTION
OF
## A SALAMANDER. 1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hiſt. lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

AS maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæſar;
As pyes and daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames, like a child;

As we ſay Monſieur to an Ape,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The Lion, Eagle, Fox, and Boar,
Were Heroes titles heretofore,
Beſtow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or wit:
For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *name?*
But, e'er ſince men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a Hero, we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.
Would you deſcribe Turenne or Trump
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grande
Call my lord Cutts a Salamander.
'Tis well;—but, ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm:
Pliny ſhall prove, and we 'll apply,
And I 'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.
Firſt, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the Serpent kind,
With gaudy coat and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain:
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,

Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a Snake in human form,
All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burniſh, and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the ſky ſerene;
Then ſhrink into its hole again.
"All this we grant—why then look yonder.
"Sure that muſt be a Salamander!"
Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This Serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or luſt, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the ſkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.
So have I ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhould ſome nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She ſoon would find the ſame effects

Her tainted carcaſe to purſue,
As from the Salamander's ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.
"Then I 'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
"If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE

## EARL OF PETERBOROW

Who commanded the BRITISH forces in SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Chriſtian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politics, and gives the toaſt.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſtboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordan

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with her followers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He 's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

## ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately loſt a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH * heart,
For want of which, by way of ſcotch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Bleſt revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united ſtates!

* The motto on queen Anne's coronation medal.

See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with ſkirts of frize:
As if a man, in making poſies,
Should bundle thiſtles up with roſes.
Who ever yet a union ſaw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no ſtateſman dare
A kingdom to a ſhip compare;
Leſt he ſhould call our commonweal
A veſſel with a double keel:
Which, juſt like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward ſide,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So toiling faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

## ON MRS. BIDDY FLOY

### Or, the RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY *.

WHEN Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat
To form ſome Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent, and found far in a country-ſcene
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients firſt the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.

* An elegant Latin verſion of this little poem is the ſixth volume of Dryden's Miſcellanies.

'I

The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe Venus cleans from every ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy Compoſition *Floyd*.

## APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards Counteſs of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

PHOEBUS, now ſhortening every ſhade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
From common lightning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flaſhes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And gueſs'd his buſineſs ere he ſpoke.

He, in the old celeſtial cant,
Confeſs'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx,
Whate'er ſhe would deſire, to grant—
But wiſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
The god could not refuſe her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
But ſhe the charm already tried.
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude;
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
When on their Queen the Muſes wait:
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power;
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke:
Deceitful Nymph! I ſee thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I 'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muſe to grace thy ſong,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name!

Of modeſt poets thou be firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And laſt, my vengeance to complete,
May'ſt thou deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!

## VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the RUINS of WHITEHALL, 1706 *.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe would draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would over-load a team;

* See the note, p. 46.

Lead

Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic ſtrains could built a tower;
Sonnets, or Elegies to Chloris,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A Lyric Ode would ſlate; a Catch
Would tile; an Epigram would thatch.
But, to their own or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging *for a ſong:*
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a numerous race;
And, ſhould they build as faſt as *write,*
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to *build caſtles* there:
And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, Muſe, the houſe of poet Van
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;

No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *houſe* gone to decay;
Or, by *atchievement*, *arms*, *device*,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And, as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,
And make my Muſe the architect;
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies.
Jove ſmil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies:
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would *ſmoke*;
And (like a wag ſet down to write)
Would whiſper to himſelf, *a bite*.
Then, from this motley, mingled ſtyle,
Proceeded to erect his pile.

So

So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he 'd burſt his ſides:
Ay, thought the God, are theſe your tricks?
Why then *old plays* deſerve *old bricks*;
And, ſince you're ſparing of your ſtuff,
Your building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and, grudging, lent his aid:
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade
(As being bricks at ſecond-hand),
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:
And firſt the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompaſs all.
The ſcene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and ſo
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two acts it coſt him under ground.
Two other acts, we may preſume,
Were ſpent in building each a room:
Thus far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.

Now

Now poets from all quarters ran
To ſee the houſe of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no ſuch houſe was to be found.
One aſks the watermen hard-by,
"Where may the poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires?
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van.
Thrice happy poet! who may'ſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail:
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Take journeys in it like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt!
Capacious houſe! 'tis own'd by all
Thou 'rt well contriv'd, though thou art ſmall:
For every wit in Britain's iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *ſhape* the ſame:
As animals of largeſt ſize
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;

A type

But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his Grace were no more ſkill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to ſee next year
A *mouſe-trap*-man chief engineer!

## BAUCIS AND PHILEMON:

On the ever-lamented Loſs of the Two Yew-Trees in the Pariſh of Chilthorne, Somerſet. 1709.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

IN ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent;
Where, in the ſtrollers' canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wandering ſaints, in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,

Hav

Having through all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt!
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night,
And then the hoſpitable ſire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſcepp'd aſide to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas ſtill replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry, — What ar't!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *ſaints*, the hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,

Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.

The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood fatten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a ſuperior force
Apply'd at bottom ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpence to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlower.
The flier, though 'a had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's ſide:

The

The chimney, to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſhold-cares,
By a ſhrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of every tribe *.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;

* The tribes of Iſrael are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed in country churches by the enſigns given to them by Jacob.

Which ſtill their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage by ſuch feats as theſe
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle;
Then ſaid, My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks, I ſtill would call it mine.
I 'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the *parſon*, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continued juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues*;
He ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At chriſtenings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt *diſſenters* would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right divine*;

For

Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem;
But claſſic authors, — he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black ſattin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram-gown.
Philemon was in great ſurprize,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were ſeveral years this man and wife:
When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what 's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too —
Nay, — now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Deſcription would but tire my Muſe;
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old Goodman Dobſon of the green
Remembers, he the trees has ſeen;
He 'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight;
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubbed, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

## ELEGY

On the ſuppoſed DEATH of PARTRIDGE the Almanack-Maker. 1708.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſs'd,
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'ſquire ly'd.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhould die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his crony ſtars
To pay their duty at his hearſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!

The Sun has rose, and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
However our earthly motion varies;
And twice a year he 'll cut th' *equator*,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *aſtrology*;
How Partridge made his *optics* riſe
From a *ſhoe-ſole* to reach the ſkies.
A liſt the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden-ſtars* and *rays*;
Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets ſcience*.
Beſides, that ſlow-pac'd ſign Boötes,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it † *boots*.
The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the Romans wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *ſhoeing-horns*,

* Partridge was a cobler. † See his almanack.

Shews how the art of *coblin* bears
A near reſemblance to the *ſpheres*.
A ſcrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the ſtars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* elſe but *leather*?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for *almanacks* or *ſhoes*.
Thus Partridge by his wit and parts
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
Beſides, he could confound the *ſpheres*,
And ſet the *planets* by the ears;
To ſhew his ſkill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aſpect malign*;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great ſcholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His *ſoul* and *ſpirit* did divide,
And each part took a different ſide:
One roſe a ſtar; the other fell
*Beneath*, and mended ſhoes in hell.

Thus

Thus Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The *cobling* and *ſtar-gazing* part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Cæſars are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguiſh boys in ſtormy nights
Torment by piſſing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their ſmoke
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee *ends*;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by Virgo's ſide,
She'll ſtrain a point, and ſet aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *ſigns* will be *thirteen*.

## THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
A *cobler*, *ſtarmonger*, and *quack*;

Who to the *ſtars* in pure good-will
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
His *pills*, his *almanacks*, or *ſhoes*:
And you that did your fortunes ſeek
Step to his grave but once a week:
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You 'll find has ſo much virtue in't,
That I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In *phyſick*, *ſtolen-goods*, or *love*,
As he himſelf could, when above.

## MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

SEVEN and ten addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the fygne,
Tamys ſhall rivere twys yfrozen,
Walke ſans weryng ſhoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, ich underſtonde,
From towne of ſtoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chiftan*, woe the morne,
To Fraunce that evere he was born.
Then ſhall the fyſhe † beweyle his boſſe;
Nor ſhall grin berry‡ make up the loſſe.
Yonge Symnele ‖ ſhall again miſcarrye:
And Norways pryd § again ſhall marrey.
And from the tree where bloſums feele,
Riſe fruit ſhall come, and all is wele.

* D. of Marlborough. † The Daup
‡ D. of Berry. ‖ The young Pretender. § Q

Reaums ſhall daunce honde in honde *,
And it ſhall be merye in old Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde ſhall be no more,
And no man ſhall be ſorie therefore.
Geryon † ſhall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapſburge ‡ maſkyth them but twayne.

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING. 1709.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own;
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal-man was heard with cadence deep
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd through half the ſtreet.
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

* By the Union. † A king of Spain ſlain by Hercules.
‡ *The Archduke* Charles was of the Hapſburg family.

A DE

## A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics. 1710.

CAREFUL obſervers may foretel the hour
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhower.
While rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you 'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
You 'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhower your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffee-houſe is Dulman ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *ſpleen*.

Meanwhile the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Sufan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhower is borne aſlope;
Such is that ſprinkling which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean!
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe, ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life,

And

And, wafted with its foe by violent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where duſt cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crouds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar ſpruce, while every ſpout 's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſempſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhed.
Triumphant Tories, and deſponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather ſounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſteed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Thoſe bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Inſtead of paying chairmen, ran them through),
Laocoon ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
And each impriſon'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:

Filths

Filths of all hues and odours ſeem to tell
What ſtreet they ſail'd from by their ſight and ſmell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St Pulchre's ſhape their courſe,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holbourn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' ſtalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

## ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD OF CASTLENOCK. 1710.

WHOEVER pleaſeth to enquire
Why yonder ſteeple wants a ſpire,
The grey old fellow poet * Joe
The philoſophic cauſe will ſhow.
Once on time a weſtern blaſt
At leaſt twelve inches overcaſt,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And tumbling topſy-turvy round
Light with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper ſtation.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

This is the little ſtrutting pile,
You ſee juſt by the church-yard ſtile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the ſteeple got a ſhock:
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls,
The ſteeple, *Knock*; the vicar, * *Walls*.
The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Hears comms his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the ſmall ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did paſs,
Obſerv'd the roof behind the graſs;
On tiptoe ſtood, and rear'd his ſnout,
And ſaw the parſon creeping out;
Was much ſurpriz'd to ſee a crow
Venture to build his neſt ſo low.
A ſchool-boy ran unto 't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who loſt his way by night,
Was forc'd for ſafety to alight;
And, ſtepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horſe had like to ſpoil his hoof.
Warburton † took it in his noddle,
This building was deſign'd a model
Or of a pigeon-houſe, or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs Johnſon ‡ gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:

* Archdeacon Wall, a correſpondent of Swift's.
† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor. ‡ Stella.

All

All that you make this ſtir about
Is but a ſtill which wants a ſpout.
The reverend Dr. * Raymond gueſs'd
More probably than all the reſt;
He ſaid, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miſs began to cry;
Give me that houſe in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot ſtand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here 's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk ſaid to her, in a heat,
What! ſell my maſter's country ſeat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not ſell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not ſuch a pother;
In half an hour thou 'lt make another.
Says † Nancy, I can make for miſs
A finer houſe ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow-ſticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

* Miniſter of Trim.
† The waiting-woman.

# THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD.

1710.

THE rod was but a harmleſs wand,
While Moſes held it in his hand;
But, ſoon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
*Our* great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His *rod* was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
So to her midnight-feaſts the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd
About a certain *magic rod**,

* The *virgula divina*, ſaid to be attracted by minerals.

That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect;
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid;
In Scottiſh hills found precious ore *,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
How well a *cully's* purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken *rake*
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.
The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That *rod* was juſt a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *ſouls* to *hell*.
Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fiſh* withal;
A *plaice* was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of *gudgeons* took:
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his *fiſh*, and ſav'd his *bait*.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their *rod* deſcribe,

* Suppoſed to allude to the Union.

Which

Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *miſchievous ſpirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *ſpirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to *take them in:*
But, when th' inchanted *rod* was *broke,*
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.
Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long deſcent of kings,
Came an HEIR-LOOM, as Homer ſings.
Though this deſcription looks ſo big,
That *ſceptre* was a ſapleſs twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom, bore.
Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the *dragon* never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair Heſperian pippin.
No *bobby-horſe*, with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in Charles Mather's * ſhop,
Or glittering tinſel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-ſtreet.

Dear Sid, then, why wert thou ſo mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad!
You ſhould have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to *your miſtreſs*;
Or made it a Newmarket * ſwitch,
And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
But ſince old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in piſs*.

## ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

### TO THE

### LORD TREASURER OXFORD. 1710.

ATLAS, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpreſs'd
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt,
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, leſt the ponderous ſpheres
Should ſink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.

* Lord Godolphin is ſatirized by Mr. Pope for a ſtrong attachment to the turf. See his Moral Eſſays.

Yet Hercules was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
Great ſtateſmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A *premier* miniſter of ſtate;
Alcides one of ſecond rate.
Suppoſe then Atlas ne'er ſo wiſe;
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
Sink down he muſt, or find *upholders*.

## A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

### Scene, The Royal Exchange.

CORYDON.

NOW the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail deſcends, and froſts can pinch no more,
Whilſt other girls confeſs the genial ſpring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties ſing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks diſplay,
And throw each uſeleſs chafing-diſh away;
Why ſits my Phillis diſcontented here,
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell ſorrow and diſmay,
Where Loves were wont to ſport, and Smiles to play?

PHILLIS. Ah, Corydon! ſurvey the 'Change around,
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is found:
Alas! the day, when I, poor heedleſs maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd;
Then how you ſwore, how many vows you made!

Ye liſtening Zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the ſoft accents to the gods above.
Alas! the day; for (oh, eternal ſhame!)
I ſold you handkerchiefs, and loſt my fame.

COR. When I forget the favour you beſtow'd,
Red herrings ſhall be ſpawn'd in Tyburn Road.
Fleet-ſtreet transform'd become a flowery green,
And maſs be ſung where operas are ſeen.
The wealthy cit and the St. James's beau
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's ſhall come,
At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.

PHIL. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, whilſt I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are paſt,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waſte.
On templars ſpruce in vain I glances throw,
And with ſhrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my gloſſy ribbands ſhine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and, when my profit's known
I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

COR. Hard fate of virtue, thus to be diſtreſt,
Thou faireſt of thy trade, and far the beſt!
As fruitmens ſtalls the ſummer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as firſt in place
Plum-cake is ſeen o'er ſmaller paſtry ware,
And ice on that; ſo Phillis does appear
In play houſe and in park, above the reſt
*Of belles mechanic*, elegantly dreſt.

PHIL. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amidſt her toys, affects a ſaucy air,
And views me hourly with a ſcornful eye.
COR. She might as well with bright Cleora vie.
PHIL. With this large petticoat I ſtrive in vain
To hide my folly paſt, and coming pain;
'Tis now no ſecret; ſhe, and fifty more,
Obſerve the ſymptoms I had once before:
A ſecond babe at Wapping muſt be plac'd,
When I ſcarce bear the charges of the laſt.
COR. What I could raiſe I ſent; a pound of plums,
Five ſhillings, and a coral for his gums;
To-morrow I intend him ſomething more.
PHIL. I ſent a frock and pair of ſhoes before.
COR. However, you ſhall home with me to-night,
Forget your cares, and revel in delight.
I have in ſtore a pint or two of wine,
Some cracknels, and the remnant of a chine.
And now on either ſide, and all around,
The weighty ſhop-boards fall, and bars reſound;
Each ready ſemſtreſs ſlips her pattins on,
And ties her hood, preparing to be gone.

## THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

1711.

MIDAS, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to *gold*:
He *chip'd* his *bread*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground:

A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
*Potable gold* in *golden cup*:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
*Gold* ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread*;
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old *hay* is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.
This *fool* had got a *lucky hit*;
And people fancy'd he had wit.
Two gods their ſkill in muſick try'd,
And both choſe Midas to decide;
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapt *aſſes'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.
And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was loſt among Pactolus' ſands,

Againſt

Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The *golden* ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

THIS tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader*;
To whom from Midas down, deſcends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What elſe by *perquiſites* are meant,
By *penſions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent.*
By *places* and *commiſſions* fold,
And turning *dung* itſelf to *gold*?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas chuſe,
Subject or patron of his Muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *plumbs* for *bays*.
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for *Pan* is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the Greek.*
Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *aſſes'* ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies;

Such

Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Through any ears but of an *aſs*.
But *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the *ſenate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *chemic* power.
While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this *popular tide*,
The *golden* ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *penſion*, there a *place*;
The *torrent* mercileſs imbibes
*Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes*;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
*Much good may do them that have caught 'em!*
And Midas now neglected ſtands,
With *aſſes' ears*, and *dirty hands*.

## AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG: 171

### BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS ORATOR AGAINST PEACE *

AN Orator *diſmal* of *Nottinghamſhire*,
Who has forty years let out his conſcience to hir
Out of zeal for his country, and *want of a place*,
Is come up, *vi & armis*, to *break the queen's peace*.

* The lord treaſurer having hinted a wiſh one evenir that a ballad might be made on the earl of Nottingham this ſong was written and printed the next morning.

He has vamp'd an old ſpeech, and the court, to their
ſorrow,
Shall hear him harangue againſt Prior to-morrow.
When once he begins, he never will flinch,
But repeats the ſame note a whole day, like a Finch.
I have heard all the ſpeech repeated by Hoppy,
And, "Miſtakes to prevent, I've obtained a copy."

## THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, *notwithſtanding*, I am in great pain,
To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
But, *moſt noble Senators*, 'tis a great ſhame,
There ſhould be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
The duke ſhew'd me all his fine houſe; and the dutcheſs
From her cloſet brought out a full purſe in her clutches,
I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a ſtart,
His grace ſwore by G—d, and her grace let a f—t:
My *long old-faſhion'd pocket* was preſently cramm'd;
And ſooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.
But ſome will cry *Turn-coat*, and rip up old ſtories,
How I always pretended to be for the Tories:
I anſwer; the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my *relations* were put into *places*.
But ſtill I 'm in principle ever the ſame,
And will quit my beſt friends, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
When I and ſome others ſubſcribed our names
To a plot for expelling my maſter king James;

I withdrew

I withdrew my ſubſcription by help of a *blot*,
And ſo might diſcover or gain by the plot:
I had my advantage and ſtood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:
I *came in* without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than *hang*, I would be *Not-in-game*.

I ſwore to the Queen, that the prince of Hanover
During her ſacred life would never come over:
I made uſe of a *trope*; that "an heir to invite,
"Was like keeping her monument always in ſight."
But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her Majeſty ſtood in great need of a Tutor,
And muſt have an *old* or a *young* Coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Becauſe, for ſome reaſons, I was *Not-in-game*.

Now my new *benefactors* have *brought me about*,
And I'll vote againſt Peace, *with* Spain, or *without* it,
Though the Court gives my *nephews*, and *brothers*, and *couſins*,
And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, ſince I know where a *full-purſe* may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound:
Since the Tories have thus diſappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my *figures* nor *tropes*;
I'll *ſpeech* againſt peace while Diſmal's my name,
And be a *true* Whig, while I am *Not-in-game*.

THE

## THE WINDSOR PROPHECY *. 1711.

WHEN a holy black *Swede*, *the son of Bob* †,
With a *shirt* ‡ at his chin, and a *seal* ‡ at his fob,
Shall not see one § New-year's-day in that year,
Then let old *England* make good cheer:
*Windsor* ‖ and *Bristow* ‖ then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-countrie* ‖.
Then shall the tall black *Daventry Bird* **
Speak against peace right many a word;

* It is said, that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an English bishoprick; which was opposed by Dr. Sharp, archbishop of York, and the dutchess of Somerset, who had prevailed on his grace to go with her to the queen to lay aside the nomination, which her majesty refused; but, the dutchess falling on her knees, and shewing the above prophecy to her majesty, the bishoprick was given to another. See p. 93.

† Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol, one of the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.

‡ He was dean of Windsor, and lord privy seal.

§ The New Style (which was not used in Great-Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe. The bishop set out from England the latter end of December, O. S.; and, on his arrival at Utrecht, by the variation of the style, he found January somewhat advanced.

‖ Alluding to the deanry and bishoprick being possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.

** Earl of *Nottingham*.

And

And ſome ſhall admire his conying wit,
For many good *groats* his tongue ſhall flit.
But, ſpight of the *Harpy* that *crawls on all four*,
There ſhall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But *England* muſt cry alack and well-a-day,
If the *ſlick* be taken from the *dead ſea*.
And, dear *England*, if aught I underſtond,
Beware of *Carrots* * from *Northumberland*.
*Carrots* ſown *Thynne* † a deep root may get,
If ſo be they are in *Somerſet*:
Their ‡ *Conyngs mark* thou; for I have been told,
They *aſſaſſine* when young, and *poiſon* when old.
*Root* out theſe *Carrots*, O thou §, whoſe name
Is backwards and forwards always the ſame;
And keep cloſe to thee always that *name*,
Which backwards and forwards ‖ is almoſt the ſame:
And, *England*, wouldſt thou be happy ſtill,
Bury thoſe *Carrots* under a *Hill* **.

* The dutcheſs of Somerſet.

† Thomas Thynne of Longleate, eſq; a gentleman very great eſtate, married the above lady after the de of her firſt huſband Henry Cavendiſh earl of O only ſon to Henry duke of Newcaſtle, to whom ſhe been betrothed in her infancy.

‡ Count Koningſmark.

§ ANNA.

‖ MASHAM.

** Lady Maſham's maiden name was Hill.

EPIGRA

## EPIGRAM. 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice —
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, to proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

## CORINNA. 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.

Then Cupid thus: This litle maid
Of Love ſhall always ſpeak and write.
And I pronounce (the Satyr ſaid)
The world ſhall feel her ſcratch, and bite.

Her

Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She ſeem'd to laugh and ſquall in rhymes,
And all her geſtures were lampoons.

At ſix years old the ſubtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may ſwear the tale went round.

She made a ſong, how little miſs
Was kiſs'd and flobber'd by a lad:
And how when maſter went to p—,
Miſs came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife.
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoreſs, and is Curll's for life.

## TOLAND'S INVITATION to DISMAL,

### To dine with the CALVES-HEAD CLUB *.

Imitated from HORACE, lib. I. epiſt. 5.

IF, deareſt Diſmal, you for once can dine
Upon a ſingle diſh, and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation ſends,
To eat the calves-head with your truſty friends.

* This poem, and that which follows it, are two of the *penny papers* mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, Aug. 7. 1712. They are here printed from folio copies in the Lambeth Library.

Suſpend

Suſpend a while your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our *myſtic feaſt* prepare,
Where thou, our lateſt *proſelyte*, ſhalt ſhare:
When we, by proper ſigns and ſymbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell;
The meat ſhall repreſent the *tyrant's* head,
The wine his blood *our predeceſſors* ſhed;
Whilſt an *alluding* hymn ſome artiſt ſings,
We toaſt, "Confuſion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly ſhew our ſpight,
And talk *what fools call treaſon* all the night.

Who, by diſgraces or ill-fortune ſunk,
Feels not his ſoul enliven'd when he 's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not ſo grave;
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland ſenſe,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondeley, when drunk, can never loſe his wand;
And Lincoln then imagines he has land.

My province is, to ſee that all be right,
Glaſſes and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *myſterious club* to keep out ſpies,
And Tories (dreſs'd like waiters) in diſguiſe.
You ſhall be coupled as you beſt approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.
Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's Grace,
Will come; and Hampden ſhall have Walpole's place.

Wharton, unleſs prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honeſt Harry * is too apt to ſtink.
Let no pretence of buſineſs make you ſtay;
Yet take one word of counſel by the way.
If Guernſey calls, ſend word you 're gone abroad;
He 'll teaze you with King Charles and Biſhop Laud,
Or make you faſt, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break-in, and walk up ſtairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
Then order Squaſh to call a hackney-chair.

## PEACE AND DUNKIRK;

Being an excellent new SONG upon the Surrender DUNKIRK to General HILL. 1712.

To the Tune of, "The King ſhall enjoy his own aga

I.

SPIGHT of Dutch friends and Engliſh fo
Poor Britain ſhall have peace at laſt:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk 's ours, we 'll hold it faſt.
We have got it in a ſtring,
And the Whigs may all go ſwing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their falſe deluded hopes
Will or ought to end in ropes;
*But the Queen ſhall enjoy her own again.*

* *Right Hon.* Henry Boyle, mentioned twice

II.

Sunderland 's run out of his wits,
And Diſmal double-Diſmal looks;
Wharton can only ſwear by fits,
And ſtrutting Hal is off the hooks,
Old Godolphin full of ſpleen
Made *falſe moves*, and loſt his *queen*;
Harry look'd fierce, and ſhook his ragged mane:
But a prince of high renown
Swore he 'd rather loſe a *crown*,
*Than the Queen ſhould enjoy her own again.*

III.

Our merchant-ſhips may cut the Line,
And not be ſnapt by privateers,
And commoners who love good wine
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed-men ſhall have their rent,
Yet our ſtocks riſe *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence ſhall no more millions drain:
We 'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill Gazettes;
*And the Queen ſhall enjoy her own again.*

IV.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What ſignified the French to beat?
We ſpent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the lord of Oxford ſwears,
Dunkirk never ſhall be theirs.

The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and complain;
But true Engliſhmen may fill
A good health to General Hill;
*For the Queen now enjoys her own again.*

## HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

Addreſſed to the Earl of Oxford, 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſt,
All Europe's buſineſs in his breaſt),
Obſerv'd a *parſon* near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord (who, if a man may ſay 't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat)
Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
And bid friend Lewis * go in queſt
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour),
In queſt who might this *parſon* be,
What was his name, of what degree;

* *Eraſmus* Lewis eſq. the treaſurer's ſecretary.

If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter ſift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the *faction* many a wound,
And libel'd all the *junto* round:
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper-ſtamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, "I deſire to know
"From his own mouth if this be ſo;
"Step to the Doctor ſtrait, and ſay,
"I 'd have him dine with me to-day."

Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent;
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, "Your ſervant, Sir!"
"Does he refuſe me?" Harley cry'd;
"He does, with inſolence and pride."
Some few days after Harley ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the eyes
At Charing-croſs among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot-ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe:
He never meant the leaſt abuſe —
"My Lord — the honour you deſign'd —
"Extremely proud — but I had din'd —
"I 'm ſure I never ſhould neglect —
"No man alive has more reſpect —"
"Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
"If you 'll be ſure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talent, ſits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domeſtic, ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.

My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter, never to reſide.
A *canon!* that 's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you ſhall be a *Dean*;
Two dozen *canons* round your ſtall;
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the *Iriſh ſeas*,
To live in plenty, power, and eaſe.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe,
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
Suppoſe him now a *Dean* complete,
Demurely lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide;
Suppoſe him gone through all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
Firſt-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats —
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money 's ſpent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, ſpitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind:

And Parvifol * difcounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.
Poor Swift, with all his loffes vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thoufand pounds in debt,
Takes horfe, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at fuch a rate,
He foon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was fo dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read † would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, "Welcome, Reverend Dean!
"What makes your worfhip look fo lean?
"Why, fure you won't appear in town
"In that old wig and rufty gown?
"I doubt your heart is fet on pelf
"So much, that you neglect yourfelf.
"What! I fuppofe, now ftocks are high,
"You 've fome good purchafe in your eye?
"Or is your money out at ufe?" —
"Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
(The Doctor in a paffion cry'd)
"Your raillery is mifapply'd;
"Experience I have dearly bought;
"You know I am not worth a groat:
"But you refolv'd to have your jeft;
"And 'twas a folly to conteft;
"Then, fince you now have done your worft,
"Pray leave me where you found me firft."

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman. SWIFT.
† The Lord Treafurer's porter.

HORACE

## HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
'But here a grievance seems to lie,
'All this is mine but till I die;
'I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
'To me and to my heirs for ever.
'If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
'By any trick, or any fault;
'And if I pray by reason's rules,
'And not like forty other fools:
'As thus, "Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t' other acre:
"Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
"Direct my plow to find a treasure!"
'But only what my station fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits,
'Preserve, Almighty Providence!
'Just what you gave me, competence:
'And let me in these shades compose
'Something in verse as true as prose;
'Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
'*Nor puff'd by* pride, nor sunk by spleen.'

In

In ſhort, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this ſide Trent;
Nor croſs the Channel twice a year,
To ſpend ſix months with ſtateſmen here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of uſe,
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you 're come to town.'
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplex'd,
And, ſmiling, whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
"To juſtle here among a croud!"
Another, in a ſurly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
"So eager to expreſs your love,
"You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,

"But rudely preſs before a duke."
I own, I 'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe —
That begs my intereſt for a place —
A hundred other mens' affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my apppeal comes on;
"Without your help, the cauſe is gone —"
The duke expects my lord and you,
About ſome great affair at two —
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
"To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
"Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt." —
Be ſatisfy'd, I 'll do my beſt:
Then preſently he falls to teaze,
"You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
"I doubt not, if his lordſhip knew —
"And, Mr. Dean, one word from you —"
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;

As, " What 's o'clock?" And, " How 's the wi
" Whoſe chariot 's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
" How think you of our friend the Dean?
" I wonder what ſome people mean!
" My lord and he are grown ſo great,
" Always together, *tête à tête*;
" What! they admire him for his jokes? —
" See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court:
I 'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every ſtreet.
" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
" Inform us, will the Emperor treat?
" Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah, Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret" — I proteſt

'is one to me — " Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay ?"
nd, though I ſolemnly declare
know no more than my lord mayor,
'hey ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
he cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
Iy choiceſt hours of life are loſt ;
'et always wiſhing to retreat,
h, could I ſee my country ſeat !
'here leaning near a gentle brook,
leep, or peruſe ſome ancient book ;
nd there in ſweet oblivion drown
'hoſe cares that haunt the court and town *.

## E AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[*A few of the firſt lines are wanting.*]

* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

a old ——— purſued
azy prelate †, and a royal prude ‡ ;
ull divines, who look with envious eyes
very genius that attempts to riſe ;
pauſing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
hints, that poets ne'er believe in God ;

* See the reſt of this ſatire among Mr. Pope's poems.
† Dr. Sharp, archbiſhop of York.
‡ Q. Anne.

So clowns on ſcholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he ſometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit;
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much g
Nor ſhew'd the *parſon* in his gait or face;
Deſpis'd luxurious wines and coſtly meat;
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; *ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen*;
At Child's * or Truby's * never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymens' gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after ſage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgements willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politicks his dangerous wit.
And now, the public intereſt to ſupport,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait:
And Harley, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windſor in his coach alone.
At Windſor Swift no ſooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whiſpers in his ear:

* Coffee-houſes much frequented by the Clerg

The waiters ſtand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
*Make room*, as if a duke were paſſing by.
Now Finch * alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous prieſt is got behind the curtain.
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a ſpring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aiſlabie †, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the ſecret 's out:
"A certain doctor is obſerv'd of late
"To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate:
"From whence with half an eye we may diſcover
"The peace is made, and Perkin muſt come over."
York is from Lambeth ſent, to ſhew the Queen
A dangerous treatiſe ‡ writ againſt the ſpleen;
Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others hate;
He ſues for pardon ‖, and repents too late.
Now, angry Somerſet § her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her * * * * *
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear inſtills.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot ¶.

* The earl of Nottingham. See above, p. 76.
† They both ſpoke againſt him in the H. of C.
‡ Tale of a Tub.
‖ He ſent a meſſage, to aſk Swift's pardon.
§ See the Windſor Prophecy, p. 78.
¶ The duke of Argyll.

Now

Now through the realm a proclamation ſpread,
To fix a price on his devoted head *.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.
By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now Delawarr † again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thruſts half his powder'd noſe.
The Scottiſh nation, whom he *durſt* offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend ‡.
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth, require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

## THE FAGGOT.

Written when the Miniſtry were at Variance, 17

OBSERVE the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a well-bound heap of ſticks.

* For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs

† Then lord treaſurer of the houſehold, who cautio
avoided Swift whilſt the proclamation was impendin

‡ He was viſited by the Scotch lords more than e

T

They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you 'll be, in friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep cloſe then, boys, and never quarrel:
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This Tale may be apply'd in few words
To treaſurers, comptrollers, ſtewards;
And others who in ſolemn ſort
Appear with ſlender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But laſhing one another round:
While wiſe men think they ought to fight
With *quarter-ſtaffs*, inſtead of *white*;
Or conſtable with *ſtaff* of peace
Should come and make the clattering ceaſe;
Which now diſturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble ſport.

In hiſtory we never found
The Conſuls' Faſces were unbound:
Thoſe Romans were too wiſe to think on 't,
Except to laſh ſome grand delinquent.
How would they bluſh to hear it ſaid,
The Prætor broke the Conſul's head!
Or Conſul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the Prætor down!

Come, Courtiers: every man his ſtick!
Lord Treaſurer, for once be quick:
And, that they may the cloſer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a ſtring.
Come, trimming Harcourt *, bring your mace,
And ſqueeze it in, or quit your place:
Diſpatch, or elſe that raſcal Northey †
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And, be aſſur'd, the Court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er ſticks*, or bind them.
To make the bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
Great Ormond, lend thy General's ſtaff:
And, if the Croſier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You 'll then defy the ſtrongeſt Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united ſtrength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

## CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me ſhe never fails.
Now, hang me but for all her art,
I find, that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is thus: I plainly ſee,
The caſe is juſt the ſame with me;
I curſe her every hour ſincerely,
Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

* Lord Chancellor.

† Sir Edward Northey, Attorney General.

EPI-

## EPIGRAM. From the FRENCH *.

WHO can believe with common ſenſe,
A bacon-ſlice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in Majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

## On a CURATE'S Complaint of HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'D three miles through ſcorching ſand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand:
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Uſing four legs, when two were weary:
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the cloſe bands of pleaſing Hymen:
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where thundering out, with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd ſo faſt, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious ſun,
Saw all theſe mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal elſe could e'er go through it!

* Written extempore by a gentleman who was reproved by ſome of his companions for eating eggs and bacon on a *faſt-day*.

## A True and Faithful INVENTORY of the GOODS belonging to Dr. SWIFT, Vicar of LARACOR; Upon lending his Houſe to the Biſhop of MEATH, till his Palace was re-built.

AN oaken, broken elbow-chair;
A cawdle-cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, ſhatter'd aſh bedſtead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-ſword poker, without point;
A pot that 's crack'd acroſs, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging, quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a ſtripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A diſh which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water:
There likewiſe is a copper ſkillet,
Which runs as faſt out as you fill it;
A candleſtick, ſnuff-diſh, and ſave-all:
And thus his houſho'd-goods you have all,
Theſe to your Lordſhip, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They 'll ſerve your Lordſhip for a ſhift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

# CADENUS AND VANESSA*.

Written at Windſor, 1713.

THE ſhepherds and the nymphs were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforeſaid *(with her leave)*
Were *(as he humbly did conceive)*
Againſt our ſovereign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,
Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.
The *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant's* counſel roſe,

* Founded on an offer of marriage made by Miſs Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occaſionally her preceptor. The lady's unhappy ſtory is well known.

For gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtroll in air, 'twixt land and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual Lent.
But, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The Muſes, by their King's permiſſion,
Though foes to love, attend the ſeſſion,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe.
The Muſes oft' were ſeen to frown;
The Graces half-aſham'd look down;
And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.
The goddeſs ſoon began to ſee,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And ſaid, ſhe muſt conſult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
Firſt to a dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the ſecond;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's caſe):

As for Tibullus's reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was ſmaller.
There was on both ſides much to ſay:
She 'd hear the cauſe another day.
And ſo ſhe did; and then a third
She heard it—there ſhe kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.
Now, gentle Clio, ſing or ſay,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddeſs, much perplex'd in mind
To ſee her empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Would ſhew the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf.

Since

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This infant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I 'll ſearch where every virtue dwells,
From courts incluſive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or ſages write;
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heaven's high bowers
A ſprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.

The

The Graces next would act their part,
And ſhew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd
That gentle, ſoft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And ſaid, "Vaneſſa be the name
"By which thou ſhalt be known to fame;
"Vaneſſa, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth ſhall not be told."
But ſtill the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit,
Drawn by her doves, away ſhe flies,
And finds out Pallas in the ſkies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To ſee a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder iſle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You 'd ſwear it is Apollo's ſon:
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a child
So hopeful has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſides to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wiſdom 's above ſuſpecting wiles:
The Queen of Learning gravely ſmiles.
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Miſtakes Vaneſſa for a boy;

Then

Then ſows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly boſoms chiefly fit,
The ſeeds of knowledge, judgement, wit.
Her ſoul was ſuddenly endued
With juſtice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a ſtand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtaid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
Would uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to juſt five thouſand pound.
The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee Vaneſſa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Through every breaſt would dart a flame;

T.

That every rich and lordly ſwain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That ſcholars would forſake their books,
To ſtudy bright Vaneſſa's looks;
As ſhe advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft' would hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:
Miſs Betty, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or ſpills the ſalt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vaneſſa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My power ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She 'd all undo that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have given,
Or any brother-god in heaven;

Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;
A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own;
Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſſes erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction 's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus ſhe greets
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold):
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.

Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heavenly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſhall Vaneſſa be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:
She 'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,
But, uſing neither ſkill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural courſe.
  The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing, from the books ſhe read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would ſeldom at the Park appear,
Nor ſaw the play-houſe twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.
  Firſt iſſued from perfumers' ſhops,
A croud of faſhionable fops:
They aſk'd her, how ſhe lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought laſt night at two,
About a lady—you know who;

Mention'd

Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muſcovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Laſt night was ſo extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in ſoft voice and ſpeech abſurd,
With nonſenſe every ſecond word,
With fuſtian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praiſe;
Run o'er their cant of ſtupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With ſilent ſcorn Vaneſſa ſat,
Scarce liſtening to their idle chat;
Further than ſometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their wiſdom's full extent;
And ſaid, ſhe valued nothing leſs
Than titles, figure, ſhape, and dreſs;
That merit ſhould be chiefly plac'd
In judgement, knowledge, wit, and taſte;
And theſe, ſhe offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd man from brute:
That preſent times have no pretence
To *virtue*, in the noble ſenſe
By Greeks and Romans underſtood,
To periſh for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;

T

Then ſpoke with cenſure or applauſe
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her ſubject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgement was, upon the whole,
—That lady is the dulleſt ſoul!—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay—She wants it here!
She may be handſome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To ſee the girl in diſhabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up ſtairs;
At entrance loudeſt, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vaneſſa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilſt Mrs. Suſan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their uſual chat,
Diſcourſing with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Shew'd patterns juſt from India brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought,
Whether the red or green were beſt,
And what they coſt? Vaneſſa gueſs'd,

As came into her fancy firſt;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worſt.
To ſcandal next—What awkward thing
Was that laſt Sunday in the ring?
I'm ſorry Mopſa breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid, her face would never laſt.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to ſpare:
Her fondneſs for a certain Earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I ſaw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!
They railly'd next Vaneſſa's dreſs:
That gown was made for old queen Beſs.
Dear Madam, let me ſee your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not aſham'd to ſtoop!
With handſome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow ſees.
Fill'd with diſdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herſelf and ſex aſham'd,
The nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
Nor would vouchſafe to ſet them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their cenſures vent.
She 's not ſo handſome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!

She 's fair and clean, and that 's the moſt:
But why proclaim her for a toaſt?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what ſhe learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I 'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy!
With all her wit, I would not aſk
Her judgement, how to buy a maſk.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as ſoon as ſhe is told.
I own, that out-of-faſhion ſtuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might paſs, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The Queen of Beauty loſt her aim;
Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain.
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt Vaneſſa's power unite:
To copy her, few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtues fewer ſwains admir'd.

So ſtars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
  Yet ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the croud,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
She condeſcended to admit:
With pleaſing arts ſhe could reduce
Mens talents to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus, making others' wiſdom known,
Could pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She plac'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too ſhe would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' ſake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas, once Vaneſſa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  But Cupid, full of miſchief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vaneſſa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's ſake.

Thoſe

Thoſe early ſeeds by Venus ſown,
In ſpite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made uſe of all his craft,
In vain diſcharging many a ſhaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing ſtill ſome book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
The Queen of Wiſdom could foreſee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vaneſſa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wiſdom's aid,
Was, in the very ſearch, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no coſt:
He could not anſwer to his fame
The triumphs of that ſtubborn dame,
A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a doctor,
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I 'll give her what ſhe moſt admires,
Among thoſe venerable ſires.

Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:
For, though ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
To all he ſpoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would abſent range,
Yet gueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
And firſt he modeſtly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected ſtrain,
At laſt he ventur'd to complain;
Said, ſhe ſhould be no longer teas'd,
Might have her freedom when ſhe pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world ſo long,
And in dull ſtudies to engage
One of her tender ſex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How ſhe might ſhine in the *grande monde*;
And every ſhepherd was undone
To ſee her cloiſter'd like a nun.
This was a viſionary ſcheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his ſkill;
For nature muſt be nature ſtill.
If he were bolder than became
A ſcholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuſe a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:

And, ſince his talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt adieu.
  Vaneſſa, fill'd with juſt diſdain,
Would ſtill her dignity maintain,
Inſtructed from her early years
To ſcorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employ'd his time ſo long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could ſuch notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, ſaid the nymph, to let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe:
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;

Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
Cadenus felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurprize.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtyle:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He could not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without diſtinguiſhing her face:
Much leſs could his declining age
Vaneſſa's earlieſt thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget:
Or, grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong:
Would ſay, he made a treacherous uſe
Of wit, to flatter and ſeduce:
The town would ſwear, he had betray'd
By magic ſpells the harmleſs maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!

So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care —
Five thouſand guineas in her purſe!
The Doctor might have fancy'd worſe. —
  Hardly at length he ſilence broke,
And faulter'd every word he ſpoke;
Interpreting her complaiſance,
Juſt as a man *ſans conſequence*,
She raillied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was ſomething new;
And what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
As ſerious as a tragic player.
But thoſe who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon ſome certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jeſt,
Elſe he muſt enter his proteſt:
For, let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught with ſober lies;
A ſcience which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis juſt what coxcombs call *a bite*.
  But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vaneſſa finiſh'd the diſpute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reaſon was her guide in love.
She thought he had himſelf deſcrib'd,
His doctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues ſhe might call her own;

As he approves, as he diſlikes,
Love or contempt her fancy ſtrikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted faſt,
Attends us firſt, and leaves us laſt:
Why ſhe likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herſelf, and that 's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praiſe
The geniuſes of ancient days!
(Thoſe authors he ſo oft' had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wiſdom, fam'd)
Was ſtruck with love, eſteem, and awe,
For perſons whom he never ſaw.
Suppoſe Cadenus flouriſh'd then,
He muſt adore ſuch God-like men.
If one ſhort volume could compriſe
All that was witty, learn'd, and wiſe,
How would it be eſteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If ſuch an author were alive,
How all would for his friendſhip ſtrive,
And come in crouds to ſee his face!
And this ſhe takes to be her caſe.
Cadenus anſwers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmoſt her deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converſe is a ſyſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every paſſion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love

Love can with ſpeech inſpire a mute,
And taught Vaneſſa to diſpute.
This topick, never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with ſuch pains acquir'd,
By this new paſſion grew inſpir'd;
Through this ſhe made all objects paſs
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the ſea their courſe incline;
Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some favourite ſyſtem to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to ſubmit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er ſuſpect
His leſſons would have ſuch effect
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her ſide.
It was an unforeſeen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When Miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-ſchools may have his choice;
And oft' the dancing-maſter's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.

In

In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a miſtreſs by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and ſhame,
Could ſcarce oppoſe Vaneſſa's flame;
And, though her arguments were ſtrong,
At leaſt could hardly wiſh them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But ſure ſhe never talk'd ſo well.
His pride began to interpoſe;
Preferr'd before a croud of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unſought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit muſt with her prevail!
He never knew her judgement fail!
She noted all ſhe ever read!
And had a moſt diſcerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the ſchools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condeſcend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He choſe to juſtify, his pride;
Conſtruing the paſſion ſhe had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a moſt judicious taſte.
Love, hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion of his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.

*Love* why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendſhip, in its greateſt height,
A conſtant, rational delight,
On virtue's baſis fix'd to laſt,
When love allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of paſſion will redeem
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When goddeſſes appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,
The nymph in ſober words intreats
A truce with all ſublime conceits:
For why ſuch raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durſt not read romances?
In lofty ſtyle to make replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and reſpect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;

He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhould now their ſtations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though ſhe already can diſcern
Her ſcholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The ſcience ſhe deſigns to teach:
Wherein his genius was below
The ſkill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met,
Is to the world a ſecret yet.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantic ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends;
Or, to compound the buſineſs, whether
They temper love and books together;
Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious Muſe unfold.
Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by Vaneſſa's conduct wiſe:

For,

For, though by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent;
Though her deſign was not obtain'd;
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *cauſe* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
*Coram Regina, prox' die Martis*,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.
All met; and, ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentments for her late diſgrace;
And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor ſpend their time to ſhew their reading;
She 'd have a ſummary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The ſum of what each lawyer ſaid,
Gave her own reaſons laſt, and then
Decreed the cauſe againſt the *men*.
But, in a weighty caſe like this,
To ſhew ſhe did not judge amiſs,
Which evil tongues might elſe report,
She made a ſpeech in open court;
Wherein ſhe grievouſly complains,
"How ſhe was cheated by the ſwains;"
On whoſe petition (humbly ſhewing,
That women were not worth the wooing,

And that, unleſs the ſex would mend,
The race of lovers ſoon muſt end) —
" She was at Lord knows what expence
" To form a nymph of wit and ſenſe,
" A model for her ſex deſign'd,
" Who never could one lover find.
" She ſaw her favour was miſplac'd;
" The fellows had a wretched taſte;
" She needs muſt tell them to their face,
" They were a ſtupid, ſenſeleſs race;
" And, were ſhe to begin again,
" She 'd ſtudy to reform the *men*;
" Or add ſome grains of folly more
" To *women*, than they had before,
" To put them on an equal foot;
" And this, or nothing elſe, would do 't.
" This might their mutual fancy ſtrike;
" Since every being loves its *like*.
" But now, repenting what was done,
" She left all buſineſs to her ſon;
" She puts the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
The cryer was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The goddeſs would no longer wait;
But, riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſeven,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heaven.

TO

## TO LOVE*.

IN all I wiſh, how happy ſhould I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power deſpiſe,
And yet ſo ſtrong, thou triumph'ſt o'er the wiſe.
Thy traps are laid with ſuch peculiar art,
They catch the cautious; let the raſh depart.
Moſt nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy ſnare;
Where, held by thee, in ſlavery we ſtay,
And throw the pleaſing part of life away.
But, what does moſt my indignation move,
Diſcretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat thoſe arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou ſteal'ſt his golden-pointed darts away;
Thoſe darts which never fail; and in their ſtead
Convey'ſt malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedleſs God, ſuſpecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her ſhepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curſt Diſcretion! all the fault was thine;

* Found in Miſs Vanhomrigh's deſk, after her death, in the hand-writing of Dr. Swift.

Cupid and Hymen thou haſt ſet at odds,
And bred ſuch feuds between thoſe kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her ſons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former ſcales, wherein he us'd to poiſe
Love againſt love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, ſtill ſubſide.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him, how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And ſtrike Diſcretion to the ſhades below.

## ODE TO SPRING.

### BY A LADY*.

HAIL, bluſhing goddeſs, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, doſt bring
Loves and Graces, ſmiling Hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roſeate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
Yet why ſhould I thy preſence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with ſweets; no more the roſe
With ſuch tranſcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus bleſt the ſcene,
And ſhar'd with me thoſe joys ſerene;
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of friendſhip kindled new deſire:

* This and the next ode have been aſcribed to Vaneſſa

Still

Still liſtening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths, which angels might have ſung,
Divine, impreſt their gentle ſway,
And ſweetly ſtole my ſoul away.
My guide, inſtructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
Oh! ſtill conjoin'd, your incenſe riſe,
And waft ſweet odours to the ſkies!

## ODE TO WISDOM.

### BY THE SAME.

OH, Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchſafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love depreſt;
'Tis juſt that thou ſhould'ſt heal the ſmart
Inflicted by thy ſubtle art,
And calm my troubled breaſt.

No random-ſhot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, ſoft and ſlow,
It ſunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wiſdom's force,
In vain I try to ſtop its courſe,
In vain repel the dart.

O goddeſs! break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit aſſociates find!
And thou alone within my breaſt,
O! deign to ſoothe my griefs to reſt,
*And heal my* tortur'd mind.

## A REBUS. By VANESSA.

CUT the name of the man * who his miſtreſs deny'd,
And let the firſt of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet † who David did chide;
Then ſay what a horſe is that runs very faſt ‡;
And that which deſerves to be firſt put the laſt;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The Name and the Virtues of him I deſign'd.
Like the Patriarch in Egypt, he 's vers'd in the ſtate;
Like the Prophet in Jewry, he 's free with the great;
Like a racer he flies, to ſuccour with ſpeed,
When his friends want his aid, or deſert is in need.

## THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus ſhe will venture profuſely to throw
On ſo mean a *deſign*, and a *ſubject* ſo low.
For mean 's her *deſign*, and her *ſubject* as mean,
The firſt but a Rebus, the laſt but a Dean.
A Dean 's but a parſon: and what is a Rebus?
A thing never known to the Muſes or Phœbus.
The corruption of verſe; for, when all is done,
It is but a *paraphraſe* made on a *pun*.
But a genius like her's no ſubject can ſtifle,
It ſhews and diſcovers itſelf through a trifle.

* *Joſeph.* † *Nathan.* ‡ *Swift.*

By

By reading this *trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *wit*, but the *dean* a ſmall man.
Rich ladies will furniſh their garrets with ſtuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
So the *wit* that is laviſhly thrown away here
Might furniſh a ſecond-rate *poet* a year.
Thus much for the *verſe*, we proceed to the next,
Where the Nymph has entirely forſaken her *text*:
Her fine panegyricks are quite out of ſeaſon,
And what *ſhe* deſcribes to be *merit* is *treaſon*:
The changes, which faction has made in the ſtate,
Have put the *dean's* politicks quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
And, ſhould he write *pamphlets*, no great man would read 'em;
And ſhould *want* or *deſert* ſtand in need of his aid,
This *racer* would prove but a dull-founder'd *jade*.

## HORACE, B. II. ODE I. PARAPHRASED.

Addreſſed to RICHARD STEELE, Eſq. 1714.

"En qui promittit cives, urbem ſibi curæ,
"Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum."
HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 34.

DICK, thou 't reſolv'd, as I am told,
Some ſtrange *arcana* to unfold,
And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cauſe again,
Which thou (ſuch Burnet's ſhrewd advice is)
Muſt *furbiſh* up, and nickname Crius.

Thou pompouſly wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er ſince Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the Commons' chair)
That we a German Prince muſt own
When Anne for heaven reſigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is *in*—and who is *out*,
Thou 'lt rail devoutly at the *peace*,
And all its ſecret *cauſes* trace,
The *bucket-play* 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty ſtories
Of *tricks* the lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our Plenipoes.
Thou 'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our ſtate;
And of that dreadful *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The Queen, forſooth *(deſpotic)* gave
Twelve *coronets* without *thy* leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have *yet* aton'd!
Believe me, what thou'ſt undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But, ſince thou 'rt got into the fire,
And canſt not eaſily retire,
Thou muſt no longer deal in *farce*,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verſe;

Until

Until thou ſhalt have eas'd thy conſcience,
Of ſpleen, of politicks, and nonſenſe;
And, when thou 'ſt bid adieu to cares,
And ſettled Europe's *grand* affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-Lane to ſhape thy ſtyle:
" To make a pair of jolly fellows,
" The ſon and father, join to tell us,
" How ſons may ſafely diſobey,
" And fathers never ſhould ſay nay,
" By which wiſe conduct they grow friends
" At laſt—and ſo the ſtory ends *."
When firſt I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
Renown'd for ſkill in Fauſtus' art †,
Which made thy cloſet much frequented
By buxom laſſes—ſome repented
Their luckleſs choice of huſbands—others,
Impatient to be like their mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound directions
How beſt to ſettle their affections.
Thus thou, a friend to the diſtreſs'd,
Didſt in thy calling do thy beſt.
But now the Senate (if things *bit*
And thou at Stockbridge wert not *bit*).

* This is ſaid to be a plot of a comedy with which Mr. Steele has long threatened the town. SWIFT.—In ſome particulars it would apply to " The Conſcious " Lovers."

† There were ſome tolerable grounds for this reflection. Mr. Steele had actually a laboratory at Poplar.

Muſk

Muſt feel thy eloquence and fire,
Approve thy ſchemes, thy wit admire,
Thee with *immortal honours* crown,
Whilſt, *Patriot-like*, thou 'lt ſtrut and frown.
What though by enemies 'tis ſaid,
The *laurel*, which adorns thy head,
Muſt one day come in competition
By virtue of ſome ſly *petition*:
Yet *mum* for that; hope ſtill the beſt,
Nor let ſuch cares diſturb thy reſt.
Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
As bagpipe ſhrill, or oyſter-ſtrumpet;
Methinks I ſee thee, ſpruce and fine,
With coat embroider'd richly ſhine,
And dazzle all the *idol-faces*
As through the *hall* thy worſhip paces;
(Though this I ſpeak but at a venture,
Suppoſing thou haſt *tick* with Hunter)
Methinks I ſee a *black-guard rout*
Attend thy coach, and hear them ſhout
In approbation of thy tongue,
Which (in their ſtyle) is *purely hung*,
Now! now you carry all before you!
Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
Pretend to anſwer one ſyl—lable,
Except the matchleſs hero Abel *.
What though her highneſs and her ſpouſe
In Antwerp † keep a frugal houſe,

* Abel Roper.

† Where the duke of Marlborough then reſided.

Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
They 'll ſoon enable thee to ſpend,
If to Macartney * thou wilt toaſt,
And to his *pious patron's ghoſt.*
Now manfully thou 'lt run a tilt
" On *popes*, for all the blood they 've ſpilt,
" For maſſacres, and racks, and flames,
" For lands enrich'd by crimſon ſtreams,
" For inquiſitions taught by Spain,
" Of which the Chriſtian world complain."
Dick, we agree—all 's true thou 'ſt ſaid,
As that my Muſe is yet a maid.
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy walk:
Thy *genius* has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten track,
But is for *ſtate-affairs* as fit
As mine for politicks and wit.
Then let us both in time grow wiſe,
Nor higher than our talents riſe;
To ſome ſnug cellar let 's repair
From duns and debts, and drown our care;
Now quaff of honeſt ale a quart,
Now venture at a pint of port,
With which inſpir'd, we 'll club each night
Some tender ſonnet to indite,
And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

* General Macartney, who killed duke Hamilton.

## HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

JOHN DENNIS the ſheltering Poet's INVITATION to RICHARD STEELE, the ſecluded Party-writer, and Member; to come and live with him in THE MINT; 1714*.

Fit to be bound up with THE CRISIS.

IF thou canſt lay aſide a ſpendthrift's air,
And condeſcend to feed on homely fare,
Such as we Minters, with ragouts unſtor'd,
Will, in defiance of the law, afford:
Quit thy patrols with Toby's Chriſtmas-box,
And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks;
Since printing by ſubſcription now is grown
The ſtaleſt, idleſt cheat about the town;
And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papiſt bred,
Has an *alarm* againſt that worſhip ſpread,
Is practiſing thoſe beaten paths of cruiſing,
And for new levies on Propoſals muſing.
'Tis true, that Bloomſbury Square 's a noble place:
But what are lofty buildings in thy caſe?
What 's a fine houſe embelliſh'd to profuſion,
Where ſhoulder-dabbers are in execution?
Or whence its timorous tenant ſeldom ſallies,
But apprehenſive of inſulting bailiffs?

* This and the preceding poem are printed from copies in the Lambeth Library, K. 1. 2. 29, 30. 4to.

This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
And ceaſe to be improvidently nice;
Exchange the proſpects that delude thy ſight,
From Highgate's ſteep aſcent and Hampſtead's height,
With verdant ſcenes, that, from St. George's field,
More durable and ſafe enjoyments yield.
Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
Eaſe to my troubled and ſuſpicious mind,
But ever was with jealouſies poſſeſs'd,
Am in a ſtate of indolence and reſt;
Fearful no more of Frenchmen in diſguiſe,
Nor looking upon ſtrangers as on ſpies,
But quite diveſted of my former ſpleen,
Am unprovok'd without, and calm within:
And here I 'll wait thy coming, till the ſun
Shall its diurnal courſe completely run.
Think not that thou of ſturdy butt ſhalt fail,
My landlord's cellar's ſtock'd with beer and ale,
With every ſort of malt that is in uſe,
And every county's generous produce.
The *ready* (for here Chriſtian faith is ſick,
Which makes us ſeldom treſpaſs upon tick)
Inſtantly brings the choiceſt liquors out,
Whether we aſk for home-brew'd or for ſtout,
For mead or cyder, or, with dainties fed,
Ring for a flaſk or two of white or red,
Such as the drawer will not fail to ſwear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, ſo popularly known
For oppoſition to the church and crown,

Might

And, though I can't put off a woeful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulneſs within:
As, in deſpight of a cenſorious race,
I moſt incontinently ſuck my face.
What mighty projects does not he deſign,
Whoſe ſtomach flows, and brain turns round with
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And faſhion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to diſcloſe his art,
By racking every ſecret from his heart,
As he flings off the ſtateſman's ſly diſguiſe,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it ſtead of tea,
Fancies himſelf in Canterbury's ſee,
And S****** when he carouſing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the ſeals:
W******, by virtue of its juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commiſſioners make light.
Wine gives lord William aptitude of parts,
And ſwells him with his family's deſerts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of ſpeech?
Whom in extremeſt poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-ſeas-o'er, by its inſpiring bounties,
Can qualify himſelf in ſeveral counties.
What I have promis'd, thou mayſt reſt aſſur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I 'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:

And, leſt thou at their fight ſhouldſt make wry faces,
The girl has ſcower'd the pots, and waſh'd the glaſſes,
Ta'en care ſo excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayſt ſee thine own dear picture in 'em.
Moreover, due proviſion has been made,
That converſation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To ſit with the moſt flagrant Whig at ſupper.
There 's not a man among them but muſt pleaſe,
Since they 're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly ſent me word,
They 'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he 'as no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and ſtation.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left;
But their diſcourſes ſmell too much of theft:
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two ſuch ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this truſty bearer write,
If I ſhould any other ſcabs invite;
Though if I may my ſerious judgement give,
I 'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the ſtint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noiſineſs perplex'd:
And that, if thou 'lt agree to think it beſt,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other gueſt.
I 've nothing more, now this is ſaid, to ſay,
But to requeſt thou 'lt inſtantly away,
And leave the duties of thy preſent poſt,
To ſome well-ſkill'd retainer to a hoſt;

Doubtleſs he 'll carefully thy place ſupply,
And o'er his grace's horſes have an eye.
While thou, who 'ſt ſlunk through poſtern more tha once,
Doſt by that means avoid a croud of duns,
And, croſſing o'er The Thames at Temple-ſtairs,
Leav'ſt Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

## To LORD HARLEY, on his MARRIAGE, 1713

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendſhip dictates more than wit.
Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent obſervations taught)
A ſpirit ſo inform'd as yours
Could never proſper in amours.
The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whoſe harp could ſavage beaſts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The Nymph had ſoon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars purſued,
The Nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thouſand footſteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For ſuch is all the ſex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light:

The

They fly, and none can overtake
But ſome gay coxcomb, or a rake.
How then, dear Harley, could I gueſs
That you ſhould meet, in love, ſucceſs?
For, if thoſe antient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never ſlack'd her pace,
For wit and learning ſpoil'd his face.
And, ſince the ſame reſemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's ſon.
Then where, ſaid I, ſhall Harley find
A virgin of ſuperior mind,
With wit and virtue to diſcover,
And pay the merit of her lover?
This character ſhall Ca'endiſh claim,
Born to retrieve her ſex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are inſolent and vain),
Madly aſpir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the Maid,
Deſcending to her charge's aid,
Held out Meduſa's ſnaky locks,
Which ſtupify'd them all to ſtocks.
The Nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noiſy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celeſtial light,
Had purify'd her mortal ſight;

Shew'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Freſh blooming, in young Harley's mind.
Terreſtrial nymphs, by former arts,
Diſplay their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method ſet,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting ſkill and power to chuſe,
Their only pride is to refuſe.
But, when a goddeſs would beſtow
Her love on ſome bright youth below,
Round all the earth ſhe caſts her eyes;
And then, deſcending from the ſkies,
Makes choice of him ſhe fancies beſt,
And bids the raviſh'd youth be bleſs'd.
Thus the bright Empreſs of the Morn
Choſe, for her ſpouſe, a mortal born:
The Goddeſs made advances firſt;
Elſe what aſpiring hero durſt?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She bluſhes when by mortals ſeen;
Still bluſhes, and with ſpeed retires,
When Sol purſues her with his fires.
Diana thus, Heaven's chaſteſt queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her ſilver chariot came,
And to the Shepherd own'd her flame.
Thus Ca'endiſh, as Aurora bright,
And chaſter than the Queen of Night,
Deſcended from her ſphere to find
A mortal of ſuperior kind.

## IN SICKNESS.

### Written in IRELAND, October 1714.

'TIS true — then why ſhould I repine
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe
Without a tear will tend my hearſe.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the ſick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the ſick,
In your laſt offices be quick;
And ſpare my abſent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to day, intomb'd to-morrow,
*When known*, will ſave a double-ſorrow.

## THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

### Written in the Year 1715.

### On an ATTEMPT to repeal the TEST ACT.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and every where,
To find an eaſy place to lay-her.
At length to Muſick's houſe * ſhe came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
"You ſee 'tis mere neceſſity,
"Hath ſent me to your houſe to whelp;
"I 'll die, if you deny your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful ſigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty † did ſo far prevail,
That Muſick gave her leave to litter;
But mark what follow'd — faith! ſhe bit her.
Whole baſkets full of bits and ſcraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;

* The church of England.

† A Scotch name for a bitch; alluding to the kirk.

For,

For, well ſhe knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would ſuck her blood.
But when ſhe thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms, — "My friend," ſays ſhe,
"My houſe you 've had on courteſy;
"And now I earneſtly deſire,
"That you would with your cubs retire:
"For, ſhould you ſtay but one week longer,
"I ſhall be ſtarv'd with cold and hunger."
The gueſt reply'd — "My friend, your leave
"I muſt a little longer crave;
"Stay till my tender cubs can find
"Their way — for now, you ſee, they 're blind;
"But, when we 've gather'd ſtrength, I ſwear,
"We 'll to our barn again repair."
The time paſs'd on; and Muſick came,
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, loſt to ſhame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd — "A bite! a bite!"

## THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horſe
Conceal a fatal armed force:
No ſooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium 's loſt, and Priam falls.

## HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

## TO THE EARL OF OXFORD LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the TOWER, 1716.

HOW bleſt is he, who for his country dies,
Since death purſues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back;
Though fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter fate will ſeize him from behind.
Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the *ſtaff**, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die for meriting to live.
Next, faithful Silence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be every ſecret barr'd!
He, who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt, with the wicked, heaven involve the juſt?
And, though the villain 'ſcape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

* The enſign of the lord treaſurer's office.

PHYLL

# PHYLLIS;

## OR,

## THE PROGRESS OF LOVE. 1716.

DESPONDING Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She 'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you hear her, through the croud,
Repeat the *abſolution* loud:
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to ſee it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring beſpoke:
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?

See then what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn betimes the bride was miſſing:
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phyl! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had ſkulk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl *had ſuch a baſhful way!*
Now John the butler muſt be ſent
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle Crop;
For John muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her, whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do!
For truly John was miſſing too:
The horſe and pillion both were gone!
Phyllis, it ſeems, was fled with John.
Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
*To my much-honour'd father* — theſe —
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choiceſt common-places,
By others us'd in the like caſes.
" That long ago a *fortune-teller*
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a *glaſs* had made her ſee
" A *ſerving-man of low degree.*

" It

" It was *her fate*, muſt be forgiven;
" For *marriages were made in heaven*:
" His pardon begg'd: but, to be plain,
" She 'd *do 't, if 'twere to do again*:
" Thank'd God, 'twas *neither ſhame nor ſin*;
" For John was come of *honeſt kin*.
" Love never thinks of rich and poor:
" *She 'd beg with John from door to door*.
" Forgive her, if it be a crime;
" She 'll never do 't *another time*.
" She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *thing was done, and paſt recalling*;
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his *paſſion's over*.
" She valued not what others thought her,
" And was — his *moſt obedient daughter*."

Fair maidens, all attend the Muſe,
Who now the wandering pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phyl cry'd! and John began to curſe:
Phyl wiſh'd, that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd, that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more befel them,
The Muſe hath now no time to tell them,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft' ſhe broke her marriage vows
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian juſtice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hoſteſs;
They keep, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

## AD AMICUM ERUDITUM THOMAM SHERIDAN. 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan Muſarum, dulcis amice,
Si tibi propitius Permeſſi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, ſeu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſque ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quiſnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula Pallas
Aſtitit;

ſtitit; & dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
eu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;
am tu pectus eris ſine corpore, corporis umbra;
:d levitate umbram ſuperabis, voce cicadam:
Iuſca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
orpore ſed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
oc animi dotes ſupplebunt; teque docente,
ec longum tempus, ſurget tibi docta juventus,
rtibus egregiis animas inſtructa novellas.
rex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, *ſalutifer* orbi.
ſt, illi cauſas orant; his infula viſa eſt
ivinam capiti nodo conſtringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt ſigna, ſed uſque
onſcius, expedias puero ſeu lætus Apollo
aſcenti arriſit; ſive illum frigidus horror
iturni premit, aut ſeptem inflavere triones.
Quin tu altè penituſque latentia ſemina cernis,
uæque diu obtundendo olim ſub luminis auras
rumpent, promis; quo ritu ſæpè puella
ab cinere heſterno ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoſcit quocunque ſub aëre natus;
uos indulgentis nimium cuſtodia matris
effundat: nam ſæpè vides in ſtipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Eneæ ſedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
æpè puer tua quem tetigit ſemel aurea virga
:œlumque terraſque videt, noctemque profundam.

HORACE,

## HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

### ADDRESSED TO ABP. KING. 1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breaſt
Is inactivity at beſt:
But never ſhall the Muſe endure
To let your virtues lie obſcure,
Or ſuffer Envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breaſt all wiſdom lies,
Either to govern or adviſe;
Your ſteady ſoul preſerves her frame
In good and evil times the ſame.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your ſacred preſence aw'd;
Your hand alone from gold abſtains,
Which drags the ſlaviſh world in chains.
Him for a happy man I own,
Whoſe fortune is not overgrown;
And happy he, who wiſely knows
To uſe the gifts that Heaven beſtows;
Or, if it pleaſe the Powers Divine,
Can ſuffer want, and not repine.
The man, who infamy to ſhun
Into the arms of death would run,
That man is ready to defend
With life his country or his friend.

To

## To Mr. DELANY, Nov. 10, 1718.

TO you, whoſe virtues, I muſt own
With ſhame, I have too lately known;
To you, by art and nature taught
To be the man I long have ſought,
Had not ill Fate, perverſe and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I ſhould repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before:
To you the Muſe this verſe beſtows,
Which might as well have been in proſe;
No thought, no fancy, no ſublime,
But ſimple topicks told in rhyme.
Talents for converſation fit,
Are humour, breeding, ſenſe, and wit:
The laſt, as boundleſs as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:
For, ſure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is, not all the tribe
Of Logick-mongers can deſcribe;
Here nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art:
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives ſurprize, and this delight.
Humour is odd, groteſque, and wild,
Only by affectation ſpoil'd:

'Tis

'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.
Our converſation to refine,
Humour and wit muſt both combine:
From both we learn to railly well,
Wherein ſometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, diſplays
That irony which turns to praiſe:
His genius firſt found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A ſatire, where he moſt commends.
But, as a poor pretending beau,
Becauſe he fain would make a ſhow,
Nor can arrive at ſilver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abſtruſe
'Twixt raillery and groſs abuſe;
To ſhew their parts, will ſcold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boiſterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who firſt run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;

Skill'd

Skill'd in the horſe-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence *The Club.*
I mean your Butler, Dawſon, Car,
All ſpecial friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious ſteed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh
As rudeneſs is to repartee.
If what you ſaid I wiſh unſpoke,
'Twill not ſuffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jeſt, a friend
For thoſe defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, ſhape, or ſenſe,
If nam'd with ſcorn, gives juſt offence.
What uſe in life to make men fret,
Part in worſe humour than they met?
Thus all ſociety is loſt,
Men laugh at one another's coſt;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have moſt in view
To pleaſe themſelves by vexing you.
You wonder now to ſee me write
So gravely on a ſubject light;
Some part of what I here deſign
Regards a friend * of your's and mine;
Who, neither void of ſenſe nor wit,
Yet ſeldom judges what is fit,

* Dr. Sheridan.

But ſallies oft' beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeaſurable rounds.
When jeſts are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for ſhame,
Yet ſtill you think your friend to blame:
For, though men cry they love a jeſt,
'Tis but when others ſtand the teſt;
And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jeſt that is their own.
You muſt, although the point be nice,
Beſtow your friend ſome good advice:
One hint from you will ſet him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, obſerve with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to ſpare;
Nor indiſtinctly to ſuppoſe
All ſubjects like Dan Jackſon's noſe *.
To ſtudy the obliging jeſt,
By reading thoſe who teach it beſt;
For proſe I recommend Voiture's,
For verſe (I ſpeak my judgement) yours.
He 'll find the ſecret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more ſhall then accuſe
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muſe.
If he be guilty, you muſt mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

* Which was afterwards the ſubject of ſeveral poem by Dr. Swift and others.

A LEFT-

## A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN*. 1718.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a ſhrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-dung;
We lye cramming ourſelves, and are ready to burſt,
Yet ſtill are no wiſer than we were at firſt.
*Pudet hæc opprobria*, I freely muſt tell ye,
*Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.*
Though Delany adviſ'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor.
I muſt now, at one ſitting, pay off my old ſcore;
How many to anſwer? One, two, three, four.
But, becauſe the three former are long ago paſt,
I ſhall, for method ſake, begin with the laſt.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up, demands the riſing b'ow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on the field,
Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield.
So the French, when our Generals ſoundly did pay them:
Went triumphant to church, and ſang ſtoutly *Te Deum*.
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run aground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you 'll read the ſame fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.

* The humour of this poem is partly loſt, by the impoſſibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

My offers of peace you ill underſtood:
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
'Twas to teach you in modeſter language your duty;
For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye:
As a good quiet ſoul, who no miſchief intends
To a quarrelſome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write;
And I 'll uſe you as he did that overgrown clown,
I 'll firſt take you up, and then take you down:
And, 'tis your own caſe, for you never can wound
The worſt dunce in your ſchool, till he 's heav'd from the ground.

I beg your pardon for uſing my left-hand, but I was in great haſte, and the other hand was employed at the ſame time in writing ſome letters of buſineſs. — I will ſend you the reſt when I have leiſure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here laſt.

## A MOTTO for Mr. JASON HASARD, WOOLLEN-DRAPER in DUBLIN; Whoſe Sign was the GOLDEN-FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the ſtuff,
For modern Jaſon, that 's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon *watchful** Dragon,
Old Jaſon would have leſs to brag on.

* England.

TO

## TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

WHATE'ER your predeceſſors taught us,
I have a great eſteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence.
But as to comic Ariſtophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too prophane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand *, juſt where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can
(You will not find it in the Vatican).
He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace ſays,
To take his greateſt grandees for aſſes.
Poets, in thoſe days, us'd to venture high;
But theſe are loſt full many a century.
Thus you may ſee, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgement of the old Comedians.
Proceed to Tragicks: firſt, Euripides
(An author where I ſometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly cenſur'd by the Stagirite,
Who ſays, his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author deſpiſes
So much, he ſwears the very beſt piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;
And that a woman, in theſe tragedies,
Commonly ſpeaking, but a ſad jade is.

* The fact may be true; but the rhyme coſt me ſome trouble. SWIFT.

At leaſt, I 'm well aſſur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æſchylus,
Whoſe moving touches, when they pleaſe, kill us.
And now I find my Muſe but ill able,
To hold out longer in Triſſyllable.
I choſe thoſe rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

## STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 13, 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſha' n't diſpute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green:
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
Oh, would it pleaſe the gods to *ſplit*
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit!
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize.
And then, before it grew too late,
How ſhould I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her ſwain)
To ſplit my worſhip too in twain!

D R.

## DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1719.

DEAR Dean, ſince in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a-toſſing and turning.
You 'll find, if you read but a few of your hiſtories,
All women as Eve, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you 'll be eager,
And make every one of the ſex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them:
I ſwear without jeſt I an honour intend them.
In a ſieve, Sir, their antient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before: do you know what I mean, Sir?
"Not I, by my troth, Sir." — Then read it again, Sir.
The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double
Is purely through pity, to ſave you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt;
When your Pegaſus canter'd it triple, and rid faſt.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

## THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.

A woman 's no ſieve (for with that you begin),
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in.
And that ſhe 's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But, grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer:
Pray what is a man? he 's a fine linen *ſearcher*.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a * maid, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this *rebus*,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
1719, paſt 12 at noon.

## STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travelers at firſt incline
Where-e'er they ſee the faireſt ſign;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,

* *Vir Gin*, Man-trap.

We

We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's caſe in fact,
An *angel's* face a little crack'd
(Could poets or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-ſix):
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an *angel's* mind;
And every virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And, had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or ſtop and light at Cloe's head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Cloe, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix, and thirty-eight;
Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:

And

And let me warn you to believe,
A truth, for which your ſoul ſhould grieve;
That, ſhould you live to ſee the day
When Stella's locks muſt all be grey,
When age muſt print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
And croud to Stella's at fourſcore.

## TO STELLA.

Who collected and tranſcribed his POEMS. 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones:
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after-times;
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp was ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:

With

With Friendſhip and Eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a gueſt.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt
(As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt):
But his purſuits were at an end,
Whom Stella chuſes for a *friend*.
A Poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning all topicks like a parrot,
Invokes his Miſtreſs and his Muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his Muſe deſcending drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprize him with a pint of ſtout;
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, ſhould a porter make enquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bowers that hold thoſe nymphs divine;

Fair

Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
Theſe are the goddeſſes enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.
True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyrick flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe,
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.
Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our power*,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you 're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his ſkull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,

His ſimilies in order ſet,
And every cramb'o he could get,
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.
Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lyes.
Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I 'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.
Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgement, wit, give place to ſpight,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till time hath open'd reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;

And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a different turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the ſun's heat with different powers
Ripens the grape, the liquors ſours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage poſſeſt
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
For, ſhould this ferment laſt too long,

By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or, if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in bafer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They 'll prove my accuſation juſt.

## TO STELLA,

### Viſiting me in my Sickneſs, 1720*.

PALLAS, obſerving Stella's wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,
And that her beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.
But (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As natural life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.

* *See the Verſes* on her Birth-day, 1723-4.

Thoſe numerous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, leſt we ſhould for honour take,
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own.
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a caſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human-kind:

Ambiti

Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flattery tipt with nauſeous fleer
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd
Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (though late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt inſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate!
She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd.
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.

Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, though her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet through every motion ſteals.
Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to compleat it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would ingratitude delight,
And how would cenſure glut her ſpight,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride!
When on my ſickly couch I lay
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd every power to eaſe my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With chearful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,

No cruel maſter could require,
From ſlaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a ſoft and ſilent tread
Unheard ſhe moves about my bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught;
And ſo obligingly am caught,
I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.
Beſt pattern of true friends! beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life it muſt endanger yours;
For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an houſe decay'd.

## AN ELEGY

### On the DEATH of DEMAR, the USURER;

Who died the ſixth of July, 1720.

*KNOW all men by theſe preſents,* Death the tamer
By *mortgage* hath ſecur'd the *corpſe* of Demar:
Nor can *four hundred thouſand ſterling pound*
Redeem him from his *priſon* under ground.

His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſs'd,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.

Where'er he went, he never ſaw his *betters*;
*Lords*, *knights*, and *ſquires*, were all his humble debtors;
And under *hand* and *ſeal* the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not ſave,
Nor all his *intereſt* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern *! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He *touch'd* the *pence*, when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a power to ſeize;
" † But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in ſpight
" Caſt-in his dart, which made three moidores light;

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.
† Theſe four lines were written by Stella.

And, as he ſaw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his laſt breath, to ſink the lighter ſcale."
who ſo long was *current*, 'twould be ſtrange
he ſhould now be *cry'd down* ſince his *change*.
The *ſexton* ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow;
as, the *ſexton* is thy *banker* now!
diſmal *banker* muſt that *banker* be,
ho gives no *bills* but of *mortality*.

## EPITAPH ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wife*.
His *heirs*, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his *carcaſe* in a *cheſt*;
The very *cheſt*, in which, they ſay,
His *other ſelf*, his *money*, lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *ſelf* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

## TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT.

### Upon praiſing her Huſband to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU always are making a God of your Spouſe;
But this neither Reaſon nor Conſcience allows:
rhaps you will ſay, 'tis in gratitude due,
nd you adore him, becauſe he adores you.
our argument 's weak, and ſo you will find;
r *you, by this rule,* muſt adore all mankind.

## VERSES, WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,

### At the DEANRY HOUSE, ST. PATRICK'S.

ARE the gueſts of this houſe ſtill doom'd to be cheated? [treated.
Sure, the fates have decreed they by halves ſhould be
In the days of good * John, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat, [wine.
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat.
Oh, Jove! then how fully might all ſides be bleſt,
Would'ſt thou but agree to this humble requeſt?
Put both deans in one; or, if that 's too much trouble,
Inſtead of the deans, make the deanry double.

## ON ANOTHER WINDOW †.

A BARD, on whom Phœbus his ſpirit beſtow'd,
Reſolving t' acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confeſſing,
And making the moſt of ſo mighty a bleſſing:
To the God he 'd be grateful; but mortals he 'd chouſe,
By making his patron preſide in his houſe;
And wiſely foreſaw this advantage from thence,
That the God would in honour bear moſt of th' expence:
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to treat
With the thoughts he inſpires, regardleſs of meat.
Hence they, that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with ſheer wit and ſheer wine.

* Dean Sterne was diſtinguiſhed for his hoſpitality.

† *By Dr.* Delany, *in conjunction with* Stella.

APOLLO

## APOLLO to the DEAN. 1720.

RIGHT truſty, and ſo forth—we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For, firſt, I have often by chemiſts been told,
Though I know nothing on 't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that, whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor *beef*:
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my ſight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and ſour all their drink.
But, thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgement or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom,
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em:
They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls,
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your ſake love better than any,

And, of *my mere motion and ſpecial good grace*,
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On Tueſday the tenth ſeditiouſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one Stella by name,
To the *deanry* houſe, and on the north glaſs,
Where for fear of the cold I never can paſs,
Then and there, *vi & armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in Engliſh a pencil,
Did maliciouſly, falſely, and traiterouſly write,
Whilſt Stella aforeſaid ſtood by with a light.
My ſiſter had lately depos'd upon oath,
That ſhe ſtopt in her courſe to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And ſtill, as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myſelf at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were all mingled with grey;
And by the deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted ſome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my talents endued,
On her promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the prude:
That ſome verſes were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the *north*, where I never yet went:
That the letters appeared revers'd through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again;
Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read every line,
And preſently gueſs'd that the fancy was mine.
She can ſwear to the perſon, whom oft' ſhe has ſeen
At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
Now you ſee why his verſes ſo ſeldom are ſhewn;
The reaſon is plain, they are none of his own;

And

And obſerve while you live, that no man is ſhy
To diſcover the goods he came honeſtly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly ſteal it,
And, when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There 's ſcarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he dare,
I 'll make it appear that they 're all ſtolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the publick ſhall ſee 't, if I live till to-morrow.
Through the *zodiac* around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus;
When that ſubtle companion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with Old Nick)
And, from my own ſtock provided with topicks,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropicks;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the *north* zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his own;

And

And you, like a booby, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treaſon by ſtatute! yet here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd;
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now, whereas the ſad criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of every degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me:
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella, juſt out of her prime,
I 'm too much revenged already by time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſend her diſeaſes,
But will now be her friend whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Though ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all over.

## NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

### BY DR. DELANY.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-ſeventh.
The Poets aſſembled here on the eleventh,
Conven'd by Apollo, who gave them to know,
He 'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;

But

But declar'd that no Bard ſhould this honour inherit,
Till the reſt had agreed he ſurpaſs'd them in merit.
Now this, you 'll allow, was a difficult caſe,
For each Bard believ'd he 'd a right to the place;
So, finding th' aſſembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate:
'Twas urg'd to no purpoſe; diſputes higher roſe,
Scarce Phœbus himſelf could their quarrels compoſe;
Till at length he determin'd that every Bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.

Firſt, one who believ'd he excell'd in tranſlation,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's tranſmigration:
" Since the ſoul of great Milton was given to me,
" I hope the convention will quickly agree."
" Agree!" quoth Apollo: " from whence is this fool?
" Is he juſt come from reading Pythagoras at ſchool?
" Be gone! Sir, you 've got your ſubſcriptions in time,
" And given in return neither reaſon nor rhyme."

To the next, ſays the God, " Though now I won't
" chuſe you,
" I 'll tell you the reaſon for which I refuſe you:
" Love's goddeſs has oft' to her parents complain'd
" Of my favouring a Bard who her empire diſdain'd;
" That, at my inſtigation, a poem you writ,
" Which to beauty and youth preferr'd judgement and
" wit;
" That, to make you a Laureat, I gave the firſt voice,
" Inſpiring the Britons t'approve of my choice.
" Jove ſent her to me, her power to try;
" The Goddeſs of Beauty what God can deny?

" She

" She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.
" Appease the fair Goddess: you then may rise higher."
The next that appear'd had good hopes of succeeding,
For he merited much for his wit and his breeding.
'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,
He else might expect they should pay what they owe him.
And therefore they prudently chose to discard
The Patriot, whose merits they would not reward.
The God, with a smile, bad his favourite advance,
" You were sent by Astræa her Envoy to France:
" You bent your ambition to rise in the state;
" I refuse you, because you could stoop to be great."
Then a Bard who had been a successful Translator.
" The Convention allows me a Versificator."
Says Apollo, " You mention the least of your merit;
" By your works it appears you have much of my
" spirit.
" I esteem you so well, that, to tell you the truth,
" The greatest objection against you 's your youth:
" Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;
" If you live, you shall certainly one day preside."
Another, low bending, Apollo thus greets,
" 'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through the
" streets."
" You taught them to *walk!* why, they knew it before:
" But give me the Bard that can teach them to *soar.*
" Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I 'll confess,
" Who lately attempted my style with success;
" Who writes like Apollo has most of his spirit,
" And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit;

" Who

" Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,
" His judgement alone can ſet bounds to his wit;
" Like Virgil correct, with his own native eaſe,
" But excels even Virgil in elegant praiſe;
" Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their due,
" Yet writes in a manner entirely new;
" Though none with more eaſe their depths can explore,
" Yet whatever he wants he takes from my ſtore;
" Though I 'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can ſee,
" In ſcorning to borrow from any but me;
" It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
" Enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."

This ſaid, the whole audience ſoon found out his drift:
The convention was ſummon'd in favour of Swift.

## The RUN upon the BANKERS. 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general ſweep,
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which, breaking *bankers* and the *banks*,
Reſume *their own* whene'er they pleaſe.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Becauſe

Becauſe 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
*Quakers* and *aldermen* in ſtate
Like *peers* have *levees* every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker 's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to ſtrip the *jays*.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch ſings,
"Make pinions for themſelves to fly:"
They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geeſe their *ſilver* plumes ſupply.

No money left for ſquandering heirs!
*Bills* turn the lenders into debtors:
The wiſh of Nero now is theirs,
"That they had never known their letters."

Conceive the works of midnight hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit ſqueezing *images of wax*.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty cheſts in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of *gold* and *bell*,
Unable to endure the ſight,
He hides within his darkeſt cell.

As when a conjurer takes a leaſe
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant 's in a diſmal caſe,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* appears.

A *baited* banker thus deſponds,
From his own hand foreſees his fall;
They have his *ſoul*, who have his *bonds*;
'Tis like the *writing on the wall*.

How will the caitiff wretch be ſcar'd,
When firſt he finds himſelf awake
At the laſt trumpet unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make!

For in that univerſal *call*
Few bankers will to Heaven be mounters;
They 'll cry, "Ye ſhops, upon us fall!
"Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"

When *other* hands the *ſcales* ſhall hold,
And they in *men and angels' ſight*
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
"Weigh'd in the balance, and found light!"

The

## The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST,
Tranſlated almoſt literally out of the Original Iriſh. 1720.

OROURK'S noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there, or thoſe who were not.
His revels to keep, we ſup and we dine
On ſeven ſcore ſheep, fat bullocks, and ſwine.
*Uſquebaugh* to our feaſt in pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt, and a madder * our cup.
O there is the ſport! we riſe with the light
In diſorderly ſort from ſnoaring all night.
O how was I trick'd! my pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd, I loſt my new cloak.
I 'm rifled, quoth Nell, of mantle and kercher †:
Why then fare them well, the de'el take the ſearcher.
Come, harper, ſtrike up; but, firſt, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup: ah! this has ſome ſavour.
Orourk's jolly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noiſe and muſical clatter,
They bounce from their neſt, no longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt, without one *ave-mary*.
They dance in a round, cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground did not burſt with their ſtamping.
The floor is all wet with leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat ſpliſh-ſplaſh in their pumps.
Bleſs you late and early, Laughlin O Enagin!
*By my hand* ‡, you dance rarely, Margery Grinagin.
Bring ſtraw for our bed, ſhake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread the winnowing ſheet:

* A wooden veſſel. † Handkerchief. ‡ An Iriſh oath.

To

To ſhew I don't flinch, fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch of your ſneezing, *a yean* *.
Good Lord! what a fight, after all their good cheer,
For people to fight in the midſt of their beer!
They riſe from their feaſt, and hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt the length of their ſkeans †.
What ſtabs and what cuts, what clattering of ſticks;
What ſtrokes on the guts, what baſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak well harden'd in flame,
An hundred heads broke, an hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I 'll maintain my father built Luſk,
The caſtle of Slain, and Carrick Drumruſk:
The earl of Kildare and Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are, I was nurſt by their mother.
Aſk that of old *madam*; ſhe 'll tell you who 's who
As far up as Adam, ſhe knows it is true.
Come down with that beam, if cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam, or a kick on the a—ſe.

## AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

### On a SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET ‡, 1720.

To the tune of, "Packington's Pound."

BROCADOS and damaſks, and tabbies, and gawſes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the king's lover.

* Iriſh for a woman. † Daggers or ſhort-ſwords.

‡ Propoſal for the univerſal uſe of Iriſh manufactures, for which Waters the printer was ſeverely proſecuted.

Though a printer and dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true Iriſh hearts from old England to wean;
We 'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fye on;
To be cloath'd like a carcaſe, would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow ſullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor ſhop-keepers muſt our horns pull in.
Then we 'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conſpire;
Becauſe Iriſh linen will ſoon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greaſy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I aſſure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the dean's book, they were in a great fury:
They would buy Engliſh ſilks for their wives and their daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is ſinning,
And before *rorum nobus* ſo oft' has been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if ſwearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly mawl'd:

And

And as for the dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he 'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we 'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

## THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

WHEN firſt Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and ſteams her look diſgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the ſky,
Her ſpots are gone, her viſage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia ſhould appear too ſoon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To ſee her from her pillow riſe,
All reeking in a cloudy ſteam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaſpheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different ſcite,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For inſtance, when the lily ſkips
Into the precincts of the roſe,
And takes poſſeſſion of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the noſe:

So Celia went intire to bed,
All her complexion ſafe and ſound;
But, when ſhe roſe, white, black, and red,
Though ſtill in fight, had chang'd their gr

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior ſtation ſeeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with eaſe reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and bruſh,
Each colour to its place and uſe,
And teach her cheeks again to bluſh.

She knows her *early* ſelf no more,
But fill'd with admiration ſtands;
As other painters oft' adore
The workmanſhip of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia 's the wonder of her ſex:
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cauſe ſuch marvelous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wiſh,
When firſt ſhe taught them where to find
White-lead and Luſitanian * diſh.

* Portugal.

Love with white-lead cements his wings:
  White-lead was ſent us to repair
Two brighteſt, brittleſt, earthly things,
  A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the ſaſh;
  The window is her proper ſphere:
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too raſh,
  Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your *ſiſter* ſtar:
  Delude at once and bleſs our ſight;
When you are ſeen, be ſeen from far,
  And chiefly chuſe to ſhine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
  When the materials all are gone;
The beſt mechanic hand muſt fail,
  Where nothing 's left to work upon.

*Matter*, as wiſe logicians ſay,
  Cannot without a *form* ſubſiſt;
And *form*, ſay I as well as they,
  Muſt fail, if *matter* brings no griſt.

And this is fair Diana's caſe;
  For all aſtrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
  When mortals ſay ſhe 's in her wane:

While Partridge* wiſely ſhews the cauſe
  Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poiſonous claws
  Attacks her in the *milky way*:

* *Partridge* and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to ſhew,
That ſwain Endymion * is not found,
Or elſe that Mercury's her foe.

But, let the cauſe be what it will,
In half a month ſhe looks ſo thin,
That Flamſteed † can, with all his ſkill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as ſhe waſtes, ſhe grows diſcreet,
Till midnight never ſhews her head:
So rotting Celia ſtrolls the ſtreet,
When ſober folks are all a-bed:

For ſure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her treſſes mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain;
No painting can reſtore a *noſe*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye powers, who over love preſide!
Since mortal beauties drop ſo ſoon,
If ye would have us well ſupply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon!

* A young ſhepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.

† John Flamſteed, the celebrated aſtronomer royal.

THE

## THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's gooſe, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
Can ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling ſhews the gooſe is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common ſtrays,
Hard exerciſe and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and ſpare:
Her body light, ſhe tries her wings,
And ſcorns the ground, and upward ſprings;
While all the pariſh, as ſhe flies,
Hear ſounds harmonious from the ſkies.
Such is the poet freſh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play);
His morning-draughts till noon can ſwill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roaſt beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep ſunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, ſtuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could ſing a note?
Nor Pegaſus could bear the load
Along the high celeſtial road;

The ſteed, oppreſs'd, would break his girth,
To raiſe the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another ſcene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money ſpent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheeſe and ale;
His two-years coat ſo ſmooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His fleſh brought down to flying caſe:
Now his exalted ſpirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he riſes, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all Grubſtreet rings.

## THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT. 1721.

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
"Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas."
VIRG.

YE wiſe philoſophers, explain
What magick makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?
Put in your money fairly told;
*Preſto!* be gone — 'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
*Here* 's every piece as big as ten.

Thus

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling,
Then fill the veſſel to the brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal ſeems to ſwim:

It riſes both in bulk and height,
Behold it ſwelling like a ſop;
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pounds;
I have in view a lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate!

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a deſperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears — in debt.

So, by a calenture miſled,
The mariner with rapture ſees,
On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamel'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtic ſcene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome enchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Five hundred chariots, juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drown'd, the harneſs broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led;
They with their *ſpoils* went ſafe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay ſhatter'd on the *Red-Sea* ſhore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aſpiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and ſtate aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle-way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight,
With *wax* the *father* bound them faſt;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is caſt.

A moraliſt might here explain
The raſhneſs of the Cretan youth;
Deſcribe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*,
He melts the *wax* at every flame;
His credit ſunk, his money ſpent,
*In* Southern *Seas he leaves his name.*

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in yon' dangerous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thouſands fell,
*Fools* chiefly float, the *wiſe* are drown'd?

So have I ſeen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geeſe* jump down together:
Swim, where the bird of Jove would ſink,
And, ſwimming, never wet a feather.

But,

But, I affirm, 'tis falſe in fact,
*Directors* better knew their tools;
We ſee the nation's credit crackt,
Each knave hath made a thouſand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money ſtor'd;
But, if a *ſharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the board.

As fiſhes on each other prey,
The great ones ſwallowing up the ſmall;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *ſtock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moon-ſhine night
An aſs was drinking at a ſtream;
A cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgement will be ſoon
(Cries out a ſage among the croud);
An aſs hath ſwallow'd up the moon!
(The moon lay ſafe behind the cloud).

Each poor *ſubſcriber* to the ſea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
*Directors* fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to riſe.

So

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot ſeldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by thouſands float,
And joſtle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fiſh for gold, and drown.

"* Now bury'd in the depth below,
"Now mounted up to Heaven again,
"They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
"At their wits end, like drunken men."

Mean time, ſecure on Garraway † cliffs,
A ſavage race by ſhipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd ſkiffs,
And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

But theſe, you ſay, are factious lyes,
From ſome malicious Tory's brain;
For, where *Directors* get a prize,
The Swiſs and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating ſide,
Though not into the ſecret let.

While ſome build caſtles in the air,
*Directors* build them in the ſeas;
*Subſcribers* plainly ſee them there,
For fools will ſee as wiſe men pleaſe.

* Pſalm cvii. † A coffee-houſe in Change-Al

Thus oft' by mariners are ſhown
(Unleſs the men of Kent are lyars)
Earl Godwin's caſtles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and ſteeple-ſpires.

Mark where the fly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the ſhore approach too nigh!
The monſters neſtle in the deep,
To ſeize you in your paſſing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wiſe,
Who, taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
The crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover ſtrength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And ſent him *up in air* to *hell.*

*Directors*, thrown into the ſea,
Recover ſtrength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
*Suſpended* for a while in *air.*

*Directors!* for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We ſee you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For, if the ſea ſhould ſink ſo low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You 'll

You 'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting ſtand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpleſs on the ſand.

Thus, when a whale hath loſt the tide,
The coaſters crowd to ſeize the ſpoil;
The monſter into parts divide,
And ſtrip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may ſome *weſtern* tempeſt ſweep
Theſe *locuſts*, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague *directors* to the deep,
Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the *Red*.

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *ſinks* the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the *ſea*,
"And ſtill the madneſs of the crowd!"

But never ſhall our iſle have reſt,
Till thoſe devouring *ſwine* run down,
(The devils leaving the poſſeſt,)
And headlong in the *waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their coſt and trouble,
*Directors* promiſes but wind,
*South-Sea* at beſt a mighty *bubble*.

## THE DOG AND SHADOW.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum ſpectat in undis,
Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
Dum ſpecioſa diu damnæ admiratur, et alte
Ad latices inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
Ore cibus, nec non ſimulachrum corripit una.
Occupat ille avibus deceptis faucibus umbram;
Illudit ſpecies, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

## TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abuſed in many different LIBELS.

THE greateſt Monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murderer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.
What 's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning chuſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By Cenſure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by Heaven beſtow'd?
Or fearleſs enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

## BILLET to the COMPANY of PLAYERS.

THE incloſed Prologue is formed upon the ſtory of the Secretary's not ſuffering you to act, unleſs you would pay him 300*l. per annum*; upon which you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as ſtrollers.

The Prologue ſuppoſes, that, upon your being forbidden to act, a company of country-ſtrollers came and hired the Play-houſe, and your cloaths, &c. to act in.

## THE PROLOGUE.

OUR ſet of ſtrollers, wandering up and down,
Hearing the houſe was empty, came to town;
And, with a licence from our good Lord Mayor,
Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
Him we perſuaded with a moderate bribe,
To ſpeak to Elrington and all the tribe,
To let our company ſupply their places,
And hire us out their ſcenes, and cloaths, and faces.
Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
I am not Elrington, nor Griffith he.
When we perform, look ſharp among our crew,
There 's not a creature here you ever knew.
The former folks were ſervants to the king;
We, humble ſtrollers, always on the wing.

Now,

Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
Rather than ſtarve, a better man would ſtroll.
Stay, let me ſee—Three hundred pounds a year,
For leave to act in town? 'Tis plaguy dear.
Now, here 's a warrant; Gallants, pleaſe to mark,
For three thirteens and ſix pence to the clerk.
Three hundred pounds! were I the price to fix,
The publick ſhould beſtow the actors ſix.
A ſcore of guineas, given under-hand,
For a good word or ſo, we underſtand
To help an honeſt lad that 's out of place,
May coſt a crown or ſo; a common caſe:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injuſtice thought
To ſhip a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of ſervants paying wages?
I pity Elrington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part!
I told him what it was to be a ſtroller:
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
Firſt get a licence, then produce our ware;
We found a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! (the ſchool-boys roar) the players are come!
And then we cry, to ſpur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tueſday next we muſt be gone.
I told him, in the ſmootheſt way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Elrington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has ſhone with Betterton and Wilks,

To whom our country has been always dear,
Who choſe to leave his deareſt pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to ſtay,
And, as a ſtroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this reſolution takes,
To live and die all ſtrollers for your ſakes:
Not frighted with an ignominious name,
For your diſpleaſure is their only ſhame.
A pox on Elrington's majeſtic tone!
Now to a word of buſineſs in our own.
Gallants, next Thurſday night will be our laſt;
Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfaſt.
Loſe not your time, nor our diverſions miſs,
The next we act ſhall be as good as this.

## EPIGRAM.

GREAT folks are of a finer mold;
Lord! how politely they can ſcold!
While a coarſe Engliſh tongue will itch,
For whore and rogue; and dog and bitch.

## PROLOGUE to a PLAY for the Benefit of the DISTRESSED WEAVERS. By Dr. SHERIDAN. Spoken by Mr. ELRINGTON. 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the Weaver's loom:
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their ſtomachs ſharp.

Provok'd,

)vok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry:
dies, relieve the weavers; or they die!
rſake your ſilks for ſtuffs; nor think it ſtrange,
ſhift your cloaths, ſince you delight in change.
e thing with freedom I'll preſume to tell—
ıe men will like you every bit as well.
See I am dreſs'd from top to toe in ſtuff;
ıd, by my troth, I think I 'm fine enough:
y wife admires me more, and ſwears ſhe never,
any dreſs, beheld me look ſo clever.
ıd, if a man be better in ſuch ware,
hat great advantage muſt it give the fair!
ır wool from lambs of innocence proceeds:
ks come from maggots, callicoes from weeds:
ınce 'tis by ſad experience that we find
ıdies in ſilks to vapours much inclin'd—
ıd what are they but maggots in the mind?
ır which I think it reaſon to conclude
hat cloaths may change our temper like our food.
ıintzes are gawdy, and engage our eyes
oo much about the party-colour'd dyes:
lthough the luſtre is from you begun,
'e ſee the rainbow, and neglect the ſun.
How ſweet and innocent 's the country maid,
'ith ſmall expence in native wool array'd;
'ho copies from the fields her homely green,
'hile by her ſhepherd with delight ſhe 's ſeen!
ıould our fair ladies dreſs like her in wool,
ow much more lovely, and how beautiful,

Without their Indian drapery, they 'd prove,
Whilſt wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We 'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

## EPILOGUE, BY THE DEAN.

Spoken by Mr. GRIFFITH.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the ſtage?
When actors, who, at beſt, are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay—let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
*Imprimis*, From his Grace * an hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.
*Item*, The actors freely gave a day—
The Poet had no more who made the Play.
But whence this wondrous charity in Players?
They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Prayers:
Under the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have ſome private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We 'll dreſs in *manufactures* made at home;
Equip our *kings* and *generals* at The Comb †.

* Abp. King.

† A ſtreet famous for Woollen Manufactures.

We

We 'll rig from Meath-ſtreet Ægypt's haughty queen,
And Antony ſhall court her in *ratteen.*
In *blue ſhalloon* ſhall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Iriſh *purple plaid.*
In *drugget* dreſt, of thirteen pence a yard,
See Philip's ſon amidſt his Perſian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of *crape* ſhall ſweep the ſtage.
In ſhort, our kings and princeſſes within
Are all reſolv'd this project to begin;
And you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the faſhion of the Court.
Oh! could I ſee this audience clad in *ſtuff*,
Though money 's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade enough:
But *chintze*, *brocades*, and *lace*, take all away,
And ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip ſprings
Between the Weavers and us Play-houſe Kings;
But Wit and Weaving had the ſame beginning;
Pallas firſt taught us Poetry and Spinning:
And, next, obſerve how this alliance fits,
For Weavers now are juſt as poor as Wits:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the ſtage,
For ſorry *ſtuff* can get a crown a page;
But Weavers will be kinder to the Players,
And ſell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The Poet's wit, than in the Player's dreſſing.

## A POEM, BY DR. DELANY,

### On the preceding PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

"Fœmineo generi tribuantur."

THE Muſes, whom the richeſt ſilks array,
Refuſe to fling their ſhining gowns away:
The pencil cloaths the Nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictur'd maids;
Far above mortal-dreſs the ſiſters ſhine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and muſt be fine.
And ſhall two Bards in concert rhyme and huff,
And fret theſe Muſes with their Play-houſe ſtuff?
The Player in mimic piety may ſtorm,
Deplore the Comb, and bid her Heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curſe the Belles and Chintzes of the age:
Yet ſtill the Artiſt Worm her Silk ſhall ſhare,
And ſpin her thread of life in ſervice of the fair.
The Cotton-plant, whom ſatire cannot blaſt,
Shall bloom the favourite of theſe realms, and laſt;
Like yours, ye Fair, her fame from cenſure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injur'd plant ſhall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.
Some Bard, perhaps, whoſe landlord was a Weaver,
Penn'd the low Prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour Wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the Epilogue.

Who

Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For ſuch Wool-gathering Sonnetteers as theſe?
Hence then, ye *homeſpun* Witlings, that perſuade
Miſs Cloe to the faſhion of her maid.
Shall the *wide* Hoop, that ſtandard of the town,
Thus act ſubſervient to a Poplin Gown?
Who 'd ſmell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under-petticoat be made of ſtuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel juſt in May,
When the fields dreſs'd in flowers appears ſo gay!
And ſhall not Miſs be *flower'd* as well as they?

In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or ſtudded in a chair!
The ſkin, that vies with ſilk, would fret with ſtuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing ſo rough?
Ye knowing Fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the Chintze diamonds with the Silken Thread,
Where ruſtling curtains call the curious eye,
And boaſt the ſtreaks and paintings of the ſky!
Of ſlocks they 'd have your milky ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!

"But where," ſay they, "ſhall we beſtow theſe
"Weavers,
"That ſpread our ſtreets, and are ſuch piteous cravers?"
The Silk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care to make their webs complete:
Theſe may they tend, their promiſes receive;
We cannot pay *too much* for what *they* give!

## ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE. BY DR. DELANY*.

'TIS ſo old, and ſo ugly, and yet ſo convenient,
You 're ſometimes in pleaſure, though often in pain in 't.
'Tis ſo large you may lodge a few friends with eaſe in 't.
You may turn and ſtretch at your length if you pleaſe in 't;
'Tis ſo little, the family live in a preſs in 't,
And poor lady Betty † has ſcarce room to dreſs in 't;
'Tis ſo cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie in 't,
And ſo hot in the ſummer, you 're ready to fry in 't;
'Tis ſo brittle 'twould ſcarce bear the weight of a tun,
Yet ſo ſtaunch, that it keeps out a great deal of ſun;
'Tis ſo crazy, the weather with eaſe beats quite through it,
And you 're forc'd every year in ſome part to renew it,
'Tis ſo ugly, ſo uſeful, ſo big, and ſo little,
'Tis ſo ſtaunch, and ſo crazy, ſo ſtrong, and ſo brittle,
'Tis at one time ſo hot, and another ſo cold,
It is part of the new, and part of the old;
It is juſt half a bleſſing, and juſt half a curſe—
I wiſh then, dear George, it were better or worſe.

* The ſeat of George Rochfort, eſq. (father to the earl of Belvidere); where Dr. Swift and an agreeable ſett of friends ſpent part of the ſummer of 1721.

† Daughter to the earl of Drogheda, and the wife of Mr. Rochfort.

THE

# THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer ſpent at GAULSTOWN-HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in ſober lays,
How George*, Nim†, Dan‡, Dean§, paſs their days;
And, ſhould our Gaulſtown's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo?*
Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I
Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.
Begin, my Muſe. Firſt from our bowers
We ſally forth at different hours;
At ſeven the Dean, in night-gown dreſt,
Goes round the houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes George, and ends our lectures;
And when ſhe has him by the neck faſt,
Halls him, and ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.
We ſquander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,

* Mr. Rochfort.

† His brother, Mr. John Rochfort; who was called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the chace.

‡ Rev. Daniel Jackſon. § Dr. Swift.

But, by peculiar whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for ſpawn;
O'erſees the work, or Dragon * rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hoſe;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements aſſembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the lake's remoteſt end:
My Lord † and Dean the fire forſake,
Dan leaves the earthly ſpade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady Betty ſoundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With "Church and King" the lady's gone:
(Not reckoning half an hour we paſs
In talking o'er a moderate glaſs).
Dan, growing drowſy, like a thief
Steals off to doſe away his beef;
And this muſt paſs for reading Hammond—
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, ſet out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the ſun goes to the deep
(Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,

* A ſmall boat ſo called.

† Mr. Rochfort's father was lord chief baron of exchequer in Ireland.

Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now ſtinted in the ſhortening day,
We go to prayers, and then to play,
Till ſupper comes; and after that
We ſit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam * lighted, walk up ſtairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd ſeveral facts,
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overſet.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
Now Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch them:

* The butler.

How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon their ſex:
I might have told how oft' dean Percivale
Diſplays his pedantry unmerciful,
How haughtily he cocks his noſe,
To tell what every ſchool-boy knows;
And with his finger and his thumb,
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
But now there needs no more be ſaid on 't,
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shews all her ſecrets of houſe-keeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;
Was forc'd to ſend three miles for yeaſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells every thing that you can think of;
How ſhe cur'd Charly of the chin-cough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of lord chief baron;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig papers and Gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Think's every ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,

Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
" Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
" Down the Black Sea, and up The Streights,
" And in a month he's at your gates;
" Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
" By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem* and his wife—
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:
The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie:
Nim loſt his wig-block, Dan his jordan
(My lady ſays, ſhe can't afford one);
George is half-ſcar'd out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvey:
They talk of further alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

* Mr. Clement Barry.

THOMAS

## THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

July 15, 1721, at night.

I'D have you t' know, George*, Dan†, Dean‡, and
Nim §,
That I 've learned how verſe t' compoſe trim.
Much better b' half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him,
And th't I 'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim,
Ay' b't then, p'rhaps, ſays you, t's a m'rry whim
With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
So th't I ought n't for t' be moroſe 'nd t' look grim,
Think n't your 'p'ſtle put m' in a meagrim;
Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' ſlim,
Th' laſt bowl 't Helſham's did m' head t' ſwim,
So th't I h'd man' aches n' 'v'ry ſcrubb'd limb,
Cauſe th' top of th' bowl I'h'd oft us'd t' ſkim;
And b'ſides D'lan' ſwears th't I'h'd ſwall'w'd ſ'v'r'l brim-
mers, 'nd that my vis'ge's cov'r'd o'er with r'd pim-
ples: m'r'o'er though m' ſcull were (s' tis n't) 's
ſtrong's tim-
ber, 't muſt have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'lledge
Sanh'drim,
Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate reſpects; that 's t' ſay,
D'lan', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart, H'lſham,
capt'n P'rr' Walmſl', 'nd Longſh'nks Timm ‖.

* Geo. Rochfort. † J. Rochfort.
‡ Mr. Jackſon. § Dr. Swift.
‖ Dr. James Stopford, afterwards biſhop of Cloyne.

GEORGE

## GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
Of Gaulſtown lads (for ſuch they are),
eſides a brace of grave divines,
dore the ſmoothneſs of thy lines;
mooth as our baſon's ſilver flood,
re George had robb'd it of its mud;
ſmoother than Pegaſus' old ſhoe,
re Vulcan comes to make him new.
The board on which we ſet our a—s
s not ſo ſmooth as are thy verſes,
Compar'd with which (and that 's enough)
A ſmoothing-iron itſelf is rough.
Nor praiſe I leſs that circumciſion,
By modern poets call'd eliſion,
With which, in proper ſtation plac'd,
Thy poliſh'd lines are firmly brac'd.
Thus a wiſe taylor is not pinching,
But turns at every ſeam an inch in;
Or elſe, be ſure, your broad-cloth breeches
Will ne'er be ſmooth, nor hold their ſtitches.
Thy verſe, like bricks, defy the weather,
When ſmooth'd by rubbing them together;
Thy words ſo cloſely wedg'd and ſhort are
ike walls, more laſting without mortar;
y leaving out the needleſs vowels,
ou ſave the charge of lime and trowels.

One letter ſtill another locks,
Each groov'd and dove-tail'd like a box;
Thy Muſe is tuckt-up and ſuccinct;
In chains thy ſyllables are linkt;
Thy words together ty'd in ſmall hanks,
Cloſe as the Macedonian phalanx;
Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
Which fierceſt foes could break by no means.
The critick to his grief will find,
How firmly theſe indentures bind.
So, in the kindred painter's art,
The ſhortening is the niceſt part.
Philologers of future ages,
How will they pore upon thy pages!
Nor will they dare to break the joints,
But help thee to be read with points:
Or elſe, to ſhew their learned labour, you
May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
Where they need not loſe a bit
Or of thy harmony or wit.
To make a work compleatly fine,
Number and weight and meaſure join;
Then all muſt grant your lines are weighty,
Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
All muſt allow your numbers more,
Where twenty lines exceed fourſcore;
Nor can we think your meaſure ſhort,
Where leſs than forty fill a quart,
With Alexandrian in the cloſe,
Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long noſe.

GEORGE

## GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION To THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulſtown, Aug. 2d, 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verſe, which however the beginning may appear, yet in the *end's good mètre*,
ſent to deſire that, when your Auguſt vacation comes,
your *friends you 'd meet here.*
or why ſhould you ſtay in that filthy hole, I mean the
*city ſo ſmoaky*,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at leaſt
not one that 's *witty, to joke wye?*
or, as for honeſt John *, though I am not ſure on 't,
yet I 'll be *hang'd, left he*
is gone down to the county of Wexford with that great
peer the lord *Angleſey.*
Ah! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may have
one come to town, but I don't know whether he be
friend or *foe, Delany:*
at, however, if he be come, bring him down, and
you ſhall go back in a fortnight, for I know there 's
*no delaying ye.*
Ah! I forgot too; I believe there may be one more, I
mean that great fat joker, *friend Helſham, he*
that wrote the prologue †, and if you ſtay with him,
depend on 't, in the *end, he 'll ſham ye.*

Bring

* Suppoſed to mean Dr. Walmſley.

† One ſpoken by young Putland, in 1720, before Hippolytus; in which Dr. Sheridan (who had written

Bring down Long Shanks Jim too; but, now I think on 't, he 's not yet come from *Courtown, I fancy*;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a-*courting fly Nancy*.
However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all; for, to say it *we may venture*,
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes, and the soft soul of amorous *Jemmy, center*.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you 'll believe me as sure as a *gun, and own it*;
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of *pun, and own wit*.
And now I hope you 'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (though written somewhat at *large*) *trim and clean*;
And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual, Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

a prologue for the occasion) was most unexpectedly and egregiously laughed at. Both the prologues are printed in the "Supplement to Swift's Works."

TO

## TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq.

### Upon his incomparable VERSES, &c.

### By Dr. DELANY, in SHERIDAN's Name *.

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as Wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon!
O may your vaſtneſs deign t'excuſe
The praiſes of a puny Muſe,
Unable, in her utmoſt flight,
To reach thy huge Coloſſian height.
T'attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whoſe lines are, like thyſelf, gigantic.
Yet let me bleſs, in humbler ſtrain,
Thy vaſt, thy bold Cambyſian vein,
Pour'd out t' enrich thy native iſle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
Oh, how I joy to ſee thee wander,
In many a winding looſe meander,
In circling mazes, ſmooth and ſupple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall!
Thine, ſure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majeſty combine;

* Theſe were all written in circles.

Where every line, as huge as ſeven,
If ſtretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven:
Here all comparing would be ſlandering,
The leaſt is more than Alexandrine.
Againſt thy verſe Time ſees with pain,
He whets his envious ſcythe in vain;
For, though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou ſtill wilt have to ſpare.
Thou haſt alone the ſkill to feaſt
With Roman elegance of taſte,
Who haſt of rhymes as vaſt reſources
As Pompey's caterer of courſes.
Oh thou, of all the Nine inſpir'd!
My languid ſoul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
On thy harmonious ſett of clinks;
Each anſwering each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes!
Thy Muſe, majeſtic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the ſtage;
And ſcarcely can one page ſuſtain
The length of ſuch a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated die,
Shews like Thaumantia's in the ſky;
Alike they glow, alike they pleaſe,
Alike impreſt by Phœbus' rays.
Thy verſe — (Ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what ſhall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft' heard ſpoke on,
The famous ſtatue of Laocoon.

'T

'Tis like, — O yes, 'tis very like it,
The long, long ſtring, with which you fly kite.
'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo * in good-humour;
And every couplet thou haſt writ
Conclude like *Rattah-whittah-whit* †.

## To Mr. THOMAS SHERIDAN,
### Upon his Verſes written in Circles. By Dr. SWIFT.

IT never was known that circular letters,
By humble companions, were ſent to their betters:
And, as to the ſubject, our judgement, *meherc'le*,
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verſes; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The ſegment ſo large 'twixt your reaſon and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horſe in a pound,
And, before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your meaſures of line by a quadrant.
But we took our dividers, and found your d—n'd metre,
In each ſingle verſe, took up a diameter.
But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre ‡?
'Twill appear, to your coſt, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the chord of your circle is now in their hand.

* At Gaulſtown, there is a remarkably famous echo.
† An alluſion to the ſound produced by the echo.
‡ Their figures were in the centre of the verſes.

The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegaſus, fixt in a tether,
As her betters are us'd, ſhall be laſh'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the ſtring.
Will Hancock declares, you are out of your compaſs,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombaſs;
And has taken juſt now a firm reſolution
To anſwer your ſtyle without circumlocution.
Lady Betty * preſents you her ſervice moſt humble,
And is not afraid your worſhip will grumble,
That ſhe makes of your verſes a hoop for Miſs Tam †,
Which is all at preſent; and ſo I remain —

## On Dr. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR VERSES.

### By Mr. GEORGE ROCHFORT.

WITH muſick and poetry equally bleſt,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſt:
" Great author of harmony, verſes, and light!
" Aſſiſted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
" Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day,
" My verſe is neglected, my tunes thrown away.
" Thy ſubſtitute here, Vice-Apollo ‡, diſdains
" To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains;

* The lady of George Rochford, eſq.
† Miſs Thomaſon, lady Betty's daughter.
‡ See " Apollo to the Dean," p. 183.

Thy

" Thy manual ſignet refuſes to put
" To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
" Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus; and grant
" Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
" Though the Dean and Delany tranſcendently ſhine,
" O brighten one folo or ſonnet of mine.
" With them I'm content thou ſhouldſt make thy abodes:
" But viſit thy ſervant in jig or in ode.
" Make one work immortal: 'tis all I requeſt."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, reſolving to jeſt,
Reply'd, " Honeſt friend, I 've conſider'd thy caſe:
" Nor diſlike thy well-meaning and humourous face.
" Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great;
" Thy works ſhall continue: and here 's the receipt.
" On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-ſtrings ſpend:
" Write verſes in circles: they never ſhall end."

## ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE, CUT IN SILK AND PAPER.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan ſat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him ſo oft as he *piqu'd* her.
He knew ſhe 'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely defy her.
Come ſit, ſays my Lady; then whips up her ſciſſar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in ſilk in a trice, Sir.
Dan ſat with attention, and ſaw with ſurprize
How ſhe lengthen'd his chin, how ſhe hollow'd his eyes;
But flatter'd himſelf with a ſecret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would defeat.

Lady

Lady Betty obſerv'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the ſtuff to his grin;
And, to make roaſted ſilk to reſemble his raw-bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exacteſt proportion he roſe,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his noſe.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.
Well, that 's but my out-ſide, ſays Dan with a vapour.
Say you ſo, ſays my Lady; I 've lin'd it with paper.

PATR. DELANY *ſculp.*

## ON THE SAME PICTURE.

CLARISSA draws her ſciſſars from the caſe
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackſon's face.
One ſloping cut made forehead, noſe, and chin,
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin,
Such as in taylors' meaſure you have ſeen.
But ſtill were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worſted-ſtocking paint ſupplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd
Transferr'd itſelf into his paſte-board head.
How came the ſciſſars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan —
You 'll ſwear the paſte-board was the better man.
"The devil! ſays he, the head is not ſo full!"
Indeed it is — behold the paper ſkull.

THO. SHERIDAN *ſculp.*

ON

## ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had ſtripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Cloe, obſerving this diſgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, ſay Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. ROCHFORT. *ſculp.*

## ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a deſcription graphic
Of Dan's large noſe in modern Sapphic;

I ſpend my time in making Sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in Engliſh, French, and Scotch for 't,
At laſt I 'm fairly forc'd to botch for 't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of ſuch a ſpectre.

I muſt confeſs, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er ſaw her hold the ſciſſars,
I now could ſafely ſwear it is hers.

'Tis

'Tis true, no noſe could come in better;
'Tis a vaſt ſubject ſtuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan; this plainly ſhows,
That not the wiſeſt mortal knows
What fortune may befall his noſe.

Shew me the brighteſt Iriſh toaſt,
Who from her lover e'er could boaſt
Above a ſong or two at moſt;

For thee three poets now are drudging all
To praiſe the cheeks, chin, noſe, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy noſe's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries, who ſhall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they riſe,
Shall read with envy and ſurprize
Thy noſe outſhining Cæliá's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

## DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

"My verſe little better you 'll find than my face is,
"A word to the wiſe — *ut pictura poëſis.*"

THREE merry lads, with envy ſtung,
Becauſe Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verſe to rhyme it down,
And in its place ſet up their own;

As if they 'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cauſe their ſpite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is moſt true,
They were inſpir'd by what they drew.
Let then ſuch criticks know, my face
Gives them their comelineſs and grace:
Whilſt every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they ſing.
But yet, methinks, though with diſgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I ſhould name them who do rehearſe
The ſtory of the picture-farce;
The Squire, in French as hard as ſtone,
Or ſtrong as rock, that 's all as one,
On face on cards is very briſk, Sirs,
Becauſe on them you play at whiſk, Sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, that half-name ſake
Should join a party in the freak.
For ſure I am it was not ſafe
Thus to abuſe his better half,
As I ſhall prove you, Dan, to be,
*Diviſim* and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the caſe whene'er you ſee
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;

Or ſhould Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane;
'Tis hard then he ſhould be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his ſide.
But, if the caſe muſt be ſo hard,
That faces ſuffer by a card,
Let criticks cenſure, what care I?
Back-biters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.

## MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

YOU ſay your face is better hung
Than ours — by what? by noſe or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong
to us, Sir.

Becauſe we thus muſt ſtate the caſe,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end 's a damn'd diſgrace
of nooſe, Sir.

But yet be not caſt down: I ſee
A weaver will your hangman be;
You 'll only hang in tapeſtry
with many.

And then the ladies, I ſuppoſe,
Will praiſe your longitude of noſe,
For latent charms within your cloaths,
dear Danny.

Thus

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worſhip thy noſe with pious rage
of love, Sir.

All their religion will be ſpent
About thy woven monument,
And not one oriſon be ſent
to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worſhip'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy ſure!
Thy fame for ever ſhall endure,
Who after death can love ſecure
at ſight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boaſted beauty;
Now I 'll proceed a word or two t'ye
in anſwer

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and ſtone
In your opinion are all one.
How can, Sir,

A man of reaſoning ſo profound
So ſtupidly be run aground,
As things ſo differently to confound
t' our ſenſes?

Except

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental ſtroke
convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reaſon,
A proper judge on this occaſion;
'Gainſt feeling there 's no diſputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy ſuperior wit,
Who made the trial, we ſubmit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it
we wanted.

In one aſſertion you 're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry 's made the ſame,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir.

You 'll ſee moſt groſsly you miſtook,
If you conſult your ſpelling-book,
(The better half you ſay you took)
you 'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, *ſhe* — and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan* — makes up the three
ſyllables.

*Dan* is but one, and *Sherri* two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I 've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

D R.

## DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

ASSIST me, my Muſe, whilſt I labour to limn him:
*Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ perſimiles.*
You look and you write with ſo different a grace,
That I envy your verſe, though I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there 's reaſon enough,
Cauſe one is as ſmooth as the other is rough.
But much I 'm amaz'd you ſhould think my deſign
Was to rhyme down your noſe, or your harlequin grin,
Which you yourſelf wonder the de'el ſhould malign.
And if 'tis ſo ſtrange, that your monſterſhip's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much leſs by Delany.
Though I own to you, when I conſider it ſtricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And juſtly ſhe 's envy'd, ſince a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.
Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true,
That we were inſpir'd by the ſubject we drew.
Inſpir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your noſe, but the fair-one that drew it:
Had your noſe been the Muſe, we had ne'er been inſpir'd,
Though perhaps it might juſtly've been ſaid we were fir'd.
As to the diviſion of words in your ſtaves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with 't, but preſume to make merry,
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan 's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more.

For pray give me leave to ſay, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry 's at leaſt of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verſe:
So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when ſcrapers are ſcarce.
But be that as 'twill, you 'll know more anon, Sir,
When Sheridan ſends to Merry Dan anſwer.

## SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care,
But envious we cannot bear,
believe, Sir.
For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus ſoft and fine,
We ſhould not in the leaſt repine,
or grieve, Sir.
Then know from us, moſt beauteous Dan,
That roughneſs beſt becomes a man;
'Tis women ſhould be pale and wan,
and taper.
And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows and ſleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-ſhops,
meer vapour.
We know your morning-hours you paſs
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glaſs?
Forbear it.
Thoſe

Thoſe loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but ſpoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it:
Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by ſleeking, are ſo lean,
That they 're like Cynthia in the wane,
Or breaſt of gooſe when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done:
You 've made your phiz a ſkeleton,
From the long diſtance of your crown,
t' your gullet!

## A REJOINDER,

### BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with ſaying grace and prayer,
I haſten'd down to country air,
To read your anſwer, and prepare
reply to 't.

But your fair lines ſo groſsly flatter,
Pray do they praiſe me, or beſpatter?
I muſt ſuſpect you mean the latter—
Ah! ſly-boot!

It muſt be ſo! what elſe, alas
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that ſtuff of toilet, glaſs,
and box-comb?

But be 't as 'twill, this you muſt grant,
That you 're a dawb, whilſt I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxco

I value not your jokes of nooſe,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuſe,
More than the dirt beneath my ſhoes,
nor fe

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou ſorry ſcare-crow of ſkin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a ſkeleton,
who 'd bea

'Tis true indeed, to curry friends,
You ſeem to praiſe, to make amends,
And yet, before your ſtanza ends,
you ſho

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths;
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my noſe
about

paſs now where you ſneer and laugh,
'Cauſe I call Dan my better half!
Oh there you think you have me ſafe!
But hold,

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my moſt profound
and bol

I

Dan 's noble mettle, Sherry baſe;
So Dan's the better, though the leſs,
An ounce of gold 's worth ten of braſs,
dull pedant!

As to your ſpelling, let me ſee,
If SHE makes *ſher*, and RI makes *ry*,
Good ſpelling-maſter! your crany
has lead on 't.

## ANOTHER REJOINDER, BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for anſwer I have waited,
I thought an ace you 'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaſter?

Henceforth acknowledge, that a noſe
Of thy dimenſion's fit for proſe,
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy maſter.

Bluſh for ill-ſpelling, for ill-lines,
And fly with hurry to *ramines*;
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaſter.

I hear with ſome concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the ſcore
By clapping billets on your door
and poſts, Sir.

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your baniſhment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry o
I maul'd you, when you look'd ſo bluff,
But now I'll ſecret keep your ſtuff;
For know, proſtration is enough
to th' li

## SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

### BY THE DEAN.

"Cedo jam, miſeræ cognoſcens præmia rixæ,
"Si riſca eſt, ubi tu pulſas ego vapulo tantum."

POOR Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Preſents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now-ſubdued and ſuppliant ſlave
Moſt humbly ſues for pardon;
Who when I fought ſtill cut me down,
And when I vaniſh'd fled the town,
Purſued and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi*,
And proſtrate ſupplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on;
For you, my conqueror and my king,
In pardoning, as in puniſhing,
Will ſhew yourſelf a lion.

Alas

Alas! Sir, I had no deſign,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For ſpite I ne'er had any;
'Twas the damn'd ſquire with the hard name;
The de'el too that ow'd me a ſhame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your highneſs,
And then, with wonted wile and ſlyneſs,
They left me in the lurch:
Unhappy wretch! for now, I ween,
I 've nothing left to vent my ſpleen
But ferula and birch:

And they, alas! yield ſmall relief,
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For every ſtroke goes to my heart,
And at each laſh I feel the ſmart
Of laſh laid on by you.

## To the Rev. DANIEL JACKSON;

To be humbly preſented by Mr. SHERIDAN in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed.

DEAR DAN,

HERE I return my truſt, nor aſk,
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my taſk,
Pray ſend me an acquittance.

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the ſky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be ſtander-by.

Not all the witty things you ſpeak
In compaſs of a day,
Not half the puns you make a week,
Should bribe his longer ſtay.

With me you left him out at nurſe,
Yet are you not my debtor;
For, as he hardly can be worſe,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Juſt as he did before;
And, when he's laſh'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more.

When rods are laid on ſchool-boys bums,
The more they friſk and ſkip:
The ſchool-boy's top but louder hums,
The more they uſe the whip.

Thus, a lean beaſt beneath a load
(A beaſt of Iriſh breed)
Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
Outgo the prancing ſteed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For, ſoon as he gets up again,
He'll ſtrut, and cry, *Victoria!*

At every ſtroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable ſhell
Could feel no harm beſide.

The tortoiſe thus, with motion ſlow,
Will clamber up a wall;
Yet, ſenſeleſs to the hardeſt blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

Dear Dan, then, why ſhould you, or I,
Attack his pericrany?
And, ſince it is in vain to try,
We 'll ſend him to Delany.

## POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I ſaw him, laſt week, on his horſe awry,
Threaten'd loudly to turn me to ſtone with his ſorcery.
But, I think, little Dan, that, in ſpight of what our foe ſays,
He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoſis.
For omitting the firſt (where I make a compariſon,
With a ſort of alluſion to Putland * or Harriſon)
Yet, by my deſcription, you 'll find he in ſhort is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoiſe.
So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will aſk, can I maul
This teazing, conceited, rude, inſolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I ſhould be glad then of it.

* Alluding to the Prologue, mentioned above, p. 227.

## TO DR. SHERIDAN,
### On his "ART OF PUNNING."

HAD I ten thouſand *mouths* and *tongues*,
Had I ten thouſand pair of *lungs*,
Ten thouſand *ſculls* with *brains* to think,
Ten thouſand *ſtandiſhes* of *ink*,
Ten thouſand *hands* and pens to write
Thy praiſe *I'd ſtudy day and night.*
Oh may thy Work for ever live!
(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive,)
May no vile miſcreant ſawcy Cook
Preſume to tear thy *learned Book*,
To *ſinge his Fowl* for nicer gueſt,
Or *pin it on the Turkey's breaſt.*
Keep it from *paſty-bak'd* or *flying*,
From *broiling ſtake*, or fritters *frying*,
From *lighting pipe*, or *making ſnuff*,
Or *caſing up* a *feather muff*,
From all the ſeveral ways the Grocer
(Who to the learned world 's a foe, Sir,)
Has found in *twiſting*, *folding*, *packing*,
His *brains* and ours at once a *racking*.
And may it never *curl* the *head*,
Of either *living block* or *dead!*
Thus, when all dangers they have paſt,
Your *leaves*, like *leaves of braſs*, ſhall laſt.
No *blaſt* ſhall from a *Critick's breath*,
By vile *infection*, cauſe their *death*,
Till they in *flames* at laſt expire,
*And help to ſet the world on fire.*

## STELLA TO DR. SWIFT.

### On his Birth-day, Nov. 30, 1721.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female ſtrains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgement was miſplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forſook by her admiring train,
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
As the ſcene chang'd, to change her part:
She, whom no lover could reſiſt,
Before the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

Stella

Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her courſe of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring ſupplies
Of luſtre to my fading eyes;
How ſoon a beauteous mind repairs
The loſs of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
The ſight of Cloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the ſpleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time ſhall make their paſſions cool;
Then tumbling down time's ſteepy hill,
While Stella holds her ſtation ſtill.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cauſe,
Retrieve loſt empire to our ſex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day *alone, then die to-morrow.*

## TO STELLA,
### ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your laſting praiſe
The Muſe her annual tribute pays,
While I aſſign myſelf a taſk
Which you expect, but ſcorn to aſk;
If I perform this taſk with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow leſs equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter ſhines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will ſoon in vain be ſtrung,
And all your virtues left unſung:
For none among the upſtart race
Of Poets dare aſſume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They muſt have Stella's of their own.
And thus, my ſtock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unleſs Delany, as my heir,
Will anſwer for the whole arrear.

## ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.
### BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mœſtum linquis, lætumque reviſes
Arentem dominum, ſit tibi terra levis.
Tu quoque depoſitum ſerves, neve opprime, marmor;
Amphora non meruit tam pretioſa mori.

EPITAPH.

## EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

HOC tumulata jacet proles Lenæa ſepulchro,
Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet;
Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo;
Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

## STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

### A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up. 1722-3.

RESOLV'D my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain,
It coſt me lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to-day;

How

How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *ſemel 'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They 'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
Though you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhall uſe all 'em,
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You 'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns,
Through the whole ſet of Iriſh deans,
I 'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean ſoever come,
My orders are, I 'm not at home;

And,

And, if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the croud.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to Mrs. Brent;
For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In Saunders' cellar on the ground:
A ſpade let prudent Archy hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated towards the ſkies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conſpire;
And Bacchus for the poet's uſe
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb;
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſovereign medicine for the brains.
You 'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thouſand Archys arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the Muſe

(But first let Robert, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees):
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

## A SATIRICAL ELEGY
### On the Death of
## A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impossible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all!
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now:
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He 'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the news-papers we 're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that 's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind *so great a s—k.*
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.

But what of that? his friends may ſay,
He had thoſe honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of ſtate;
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing 's a Duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he ſprung.

## DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"Non domus aut fundus—" Hor.

IT was, my lord, the dextrous ſhift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
But now St. Patrick's ſaucy dean,
With ſilver verge and ſurplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In looſer rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclept *a ſtall*,
And eke a thouſand pounds withal;
And, were he a leſs witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays, my thanks to offer,

App

Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verſe both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave:
Rejoicing that, in *better times*,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewiſe to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muſes' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Diſjoin'd, Hibernia, by the ſea),
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares,
By love, by wiſdom, and by ſkill;
For he has ſav'd thee 'gainſt thy will.
But where ſhall Smedley make his neſt,
And lay his wandering head to reſt?
Where ſhall he find a decent houſe,
To treat his friends, and chear his ſpouſe?
Oh! *tack*, my lord, ſome pretty cure;
In wholeſome ſoil, and æther pure;
The garden ſtor'd with arbleſs flowers,
In either angle ſhady bowers.
No gay parterre, with coſtly green,
Within the ambient hedge be ſeen:
Let Nature freely take her courſe,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No ſheers ſhall check her ſprouting vigour,
Nor ſhape the yews to antic figure:

A limpid brook ſhall trout ſupply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a ſmall orchard may it run,
Whoſe apples redden to the ſun.
Let all be ſnug, and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a ſafe retreat.
A little Euſton may it be,
Euſton I 'll carve on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them *hundreds*—charming place!
Thou then wouldſt ſhew another face.
Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
Midſt ſnowy hills, inclement ſkies;
One ſhivers with the Arctic wind,
One hears the *polar axis* grind.
Good John * indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it.
He has a purſe to keep a table,
And eke a ſoul as hoſpitable.
My heart is good; but aſſets fail,
To fight with ſtorms of ſnow and hail.
Beſides, the country 's thin of people,
Who ſeldom meet but at the ſteeple:
The ſtrapping dean, that 's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown,
When, much fatigued with ſermon-ſtudy,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;

* Bp. Sterne.

No

No fit companion could be found,
To puſh the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *his clerk* was *orthodox*.
Ah! how unlike to Gerard-ſtreet,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And joſtle as they trowl along;
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-ſeed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at ſeven, "Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her ſphere
Once ſhone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now ſhe wanes, and, as 'tis ſaid,
Keeps ſober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endleſs to write down
All the amuſements of the town;
And ſpouſe will think herſelf quite undone,
To trudge to Connor * from ſweet London;
And care we muſt our wives to pleaſe,
Or elſe—we ſhall be ill at eaſe.
You ſee, my lord, what 'tis I lack,
'Tis only ſome convenient *tack*,
Some parſonage-houſe, with garden ſweet,
To be my late, my laſt retreat;
A decent church cloſe by its ſide,
There, preaching, praying, to reſide;

* The biſhoprick of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.

And, as my time ſecurely rolls,
To ſave my own and other ſouls.

## THE DUKE'S ANSWER.
### BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory ſhines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope, to make you yet as clean
As that ſame Viz, St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee *ſurplice*, *verge*, and *ſtall*,
And may be ſomething elſe withal;
And, were you not ſo good a writer,
I ſhould preſent you with a mitre.
Write worſe then, *if you can*—Be wiſe—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to riſe*.
Talk not of *making of thy neſt*:
*Ah! never lay thy head to reſt!*
*That head ſo well with wiſdom fraught,*
*That writes without the toil of thought!*
While others rack their buſy brains,
You are not in the leaſt at pains.
Down to your deanry now repair,
And build *a caſtle in the air*.
I'm ſure a man of your fine ſenſe
Can do it with a ſmall expence.
There your *dear ſpouſe* and you together
May breathe your bellies full of *æther*.

When

When lady Luna is your neighbour,
She 'll help your *wife* when ſhe 's in labour;
Well ſkill'd in midwife artifices,
For ſhe herſelf oft' *falls in pieces.*
There you ſhall ſee a *raree-ſhew*
Will make you ſcorn this *world below*,
When you behold the milky way,
As white as ſnow, as bright as day;
The glittering conſtellations róll
About the grinding Arctic pòle;
The lovely tingling in your ears,
Wrought by the muſick of the ſpheres—
Your ſpouſe ſhall then no longer hector,
You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
Nor ſhall ſhe think that ſhe is *undone*
For quitting her beloved London.
When ſhe 's exalted in the ſkies,
She 'll never think of mutton-pies;
When you 're advanc'd above *dean* Viz,
You 'll never think of goody Griz.
But ever, ever, live at eaſe,
And ſtrive, and ſtrive, *your wife to pleaſe*;
In her you 'll centre all your joys,
And get ten thouſand *girls* and *boys*:
Ten thouſand girls and boys you 'll get,
And they like ſtars ſhall *riſe* and *ſet.*
While *you and ſpouſe*, transform'd, ſhall ſoon
Be a *new ſun* and a *new moon*:
Nor ſhall you ſtrive your horns to hide,
For then your horns ſhall be your pride.

## VERSES BY STELLA.

IF it be true, celeſtial Powers,
That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vaineſt hours,
My mind has been my care:
Then, in return, I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind,
What envious Time takes from my face,
Beſtow upon my mind!

## JEALOUSY. BY THE SAME.*

O Shield me from his rage, celeſtial Powers;
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours!
Ah, Love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part:
You conquer'd, but you can't defend, my heart.
When firſt I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monſter baniſh'd from your train:
But you would raiſe him to ſupport your throne;
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants! have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other ſhall ſucceed?

## DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

WOULD you that Delville I deſcribe?
Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:
For who would be ſatirical
Upon a thing ſo very ſmall?

* On the publication of "Cadenus and Vaneſſa."

To

You ſcarce upon the borders enter,
Before you 're at the very centre.
A ſingle crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm ſhe takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compaſs, we
Obſerve a vaſt variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and ſtairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and graſs, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought ſo cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to ſay 't I 'm loth,
Would ſhave you and your meadows both.

Though ſmall 's the farm, yet here 's a houſe
Full large to entertain a mouſe;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than ſavage Caledonian boar;
For, if it 's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet ſeems to ſteal
Down through a thing you call a valé,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek;
And this you call your ſweet *meander*,
Which might be ſuck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To ſcoop the channel of the rill.
For ſure you 'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouſe would fare but hard in;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a taylor's chalk;
Thus I compare what ſpace is in it,
A ſnail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a ſhift to ſqueeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a ſingle roſe
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow, for want of room.
In ſhort, in all your boaſted ſeat,
There's nothing but yourſelf that's GREAT.

## On one of the Windows at DELVILLE.

A Bard, grown deſirous of ſaving his pelf,
Built a houſe he was ſure would hold none but himſelf.
This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury ſent,
And bid him go aſk what his votary meant.
"Some foe to my empire has been his adviſer:
"'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miſer!
"Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that ſubject of mine,
"I have ſworn by The Styx, to defeat his deſign;
"For wherever he lives, the Muſes ſhall reign;
"And the Muſes, he knows, have a numerous train."

CARBERIÆ

# CARBERIÆ RUPES,

## IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aſpergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, ſpecus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
Attonitus cædas, hinc dejeciſſe Tonantem
Montibus impoſitos montes, & Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.
Sæpe etiam ſpelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exeſa è ſcopulis, & utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura ſupernè.
Fornice ſublimi nidos poſuere palumbes,
Inque imo ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.
Sed, cum ſævit hyems, & venti, carcere rupto,
Immenſos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
Non obſeſſæ aroes, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Miſſa Jovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
Exæquant ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,

Gens

Gens aſſueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.
Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi ſalientis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.
Piſcator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & æra ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat.

## CARBERY ROCKS,

### TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, that ſhrouds
Its airy head amidſt the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; deſtitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops;
With hoarſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas rebound,
From ſhore to ſhore the rocks return the ſound:
The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves:
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had ſcoop'd a vault into its nether ſides.
Now yields the baſe, the ſummits nod, now urge
Their headlong courſe, and laſh the ſounding ſurge.
Not louder noiſe could ſhake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To cruſh Earth's rebel-ſons beneath the load.

Oft

Oft' too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
Preſents an orifice on either ſide,
A diſmal orifice, from ſea to ſea
Extended, pervious to the God of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks ſtupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future ſtorm:
High on the cliff their neſts the Woodqueſts make,
And Sea-calves ſtable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his ſullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy ſteep without control,
Big with the blaſt, the raging billows roll;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft' as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blaſts their gilded towers,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er waves, rebellows ſhore to ſhore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the ſhocks
Of angry ſeas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Waſh'd down the precipice with ſudden ſweep,
Leave their ſweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.

The frighted fiſher, with deſponding eyes,
Though ſafe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the ſkies ſerene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

## UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, The Biſhop of ROCHESTER'S French Dog *.

In a Dialogue between a WHIG and a TORY. 1721.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He anſwer'd, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a miniſter of ſtate.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers ſo?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other phraſe;
And ſo a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and Prendergaſt, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.

WHIG. But, you muſt know, this dog was lame.

TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame*: — proceed:
Come, help your *lame dog o'er the ſtyle*.

WHIG. Sir, you miſtake me all this while:
I mean a *dog* (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never ſpoke.

TORY. I 'm ſtill to ſeek, which *dog* you mean;
Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skean,
An Engliſh or an Iriſh hound;
Or t' other puppy, that was drown'd;

* See the "State Trials," Vol. VI.

Or Maſon, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For every ſtander-by was marking
That all the noiſe they made was *barking*.
You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That *every dog muſt have his day*.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on 't,
He 'd either *make a hog or dog on 't*;
And look'd, ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had *thrown down a diſh*.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He 'll ſoon *return to his own vomit*.

WHIG. Beſides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

TORY. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.

WHIG. I prov'd my propoſition full:
But *jacobites* are ſtrangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witneſs is a real *cur*,
A dog of ſpirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that 's a name in every *plot*:
Reſolv'd to ſave the Britiſh nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correſpondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and *tranſlated*:

His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe committee:
Confeſt as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot ſet his *mark*.
TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet*:
The matter now no longer ſticks;
For ſtateſmen never want *dog-tricks*.
But ſince it was a real cur,
And not a *dog* in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he 's to have a place at court.
WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turn-ſpit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:
And, when we found the *dog* begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.
TORY. I own, it was a dangerous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logick*.
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A *dog* and biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your biſhops all are *dogs* indeed!

## STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

### A Houſe of CHARLES FORD, Eſq; near DUBLIN.

1723.

" — Cuicumque nocere volebat,
" Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa."

DON Carlos, in a merry ſpight,
Did Stella to his houſe invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and coſtly chear.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price:
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits:
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn:
A haunch of veniſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that every glaſs was fine.
At laſt, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,

Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown;
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town:
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin:
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the houſhold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingley *:
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked:*
From every meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of — — —
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good chear,
To running-out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day;
She muſt return to Ormond Quay †.
The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd, and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door:
At coming in, you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop:

* The conſtant companion of Stella.
† Where the two ladies lodged.

Eac

Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curſt the narrow winding ſtairs:
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy;
The ceiling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter 's out at Lady-day;
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore;
The cupboard could contain but four):
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.
  Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jeſt: though now, I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd
Than on a nymph of Stella's taſte.

I muſt confeſs, your wine and victle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, though in miniature, you ſhine:
Yet, when you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down;
We think you quite miſtake the caſe,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For, though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

## COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERS ON MR. FORD.

COME, be content, ſince out it muſt,
For Stella has betray'd her truſt;
And, whiſpering, charg'd me not to ſay
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at laſt I needs muſt blab it,
According to my uſual habit,
She bid me, with a ſerious face,
Be ſure conceal the time and place;
And not my compliment to ſpoil,
By calling this your native ſoil;
Or vex the ladies, when they knew
That you are turning forty-two:
But, if theſe topicks ſhall appear
Strong arguments to keep you here,

I th

I think, though you judge hardly of it,
Good-manners muſt give place to profit.
The nymphs with whom you firſt began
Are each become a *barridan*;
And Montague ſo far decay'd,
Her lovers now muſt all be paid;
And every belle that ſince aroſe
Has her contemporary beaux.
Your former comrades, once ſo bright,
With whom you toaſted half the night,
Of rheumatiſm and pox complain,
And bid adieu to dear champaign.
Your great protectors, once in power,
Are now in exile or The Tower.
Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
Who hate your perſon and your cauſe,
If once they get you on the ſpot,
You muſt be guilty of the plot:
For, true or falſe, they 'll ne'er enquire,
But uſe you ten times worſe than Prior *.
In London! what would you do there?
Can you, my friend, with patience bear
(Nay, would it not your paſſion raiſe
Worſe than a pun, or Iriſh phraſe?)
To ſee a ſcoundrel ſtrut and hector,
A foot-boy to ſome rogue director,
To look on vice triumphant round,
And virtue trampled on the ground?

* The celebrated poet.

Obſerve where bloody * * * * * ſtands
With torturing engines in his hands,
Hear him blaſpheme, and ſwear, and rail,
Threatening the pillory and jail:
If this you think a pleaſing ſcene,
To London ſtrait return again;
Where, you have told us from experience,
Are ſwarms of bugs and preſbyterians.
I thought my very ſpleen would burſt,
When Fortune hither drove me firſt;
Was full as hard to pleaſe as you,
Nor perſons names nor places knew:
But now I act as other folk,
Like priſoners when their jail is broke.
If you have London ſtill at heart,
We 'll make a ſmall one here by art;
The difference is not much between
St. James's-Park and Stephen's-Green;
And Dawſon-ſtreet will ſerve as well
To lead you thither as Pall-Mall:
Nor want a paſſage through the palace,
To choque your ſight, and raiſe your malice:
The Deanry-houſe may well be match'd,
Under correction, with the Thatcht *.
Nor ſhall I, when you hither come,
Demand a crown a quart for ſtum.
Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
Stella may vye with your Montlrermer;

* A famous tavern in St. James's-ſtreet.

Sh

She 's now as handſome every bit,
And has a thouſand times her wit.
The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
Will half ſupply a Gay and Pope.
Corbet *, though yet I know his worth not,
No doubt, will prove a good Arbuthnot.
I throw into the bargain Tim;
In London can you equal him?
What think you of my favourite clan,
Robin †, and Jack, and Jack and Dan;
Fellows of modeſt worth and parts,
With chearful looks and honeſt hearts?
Can you on Dublin look with ſcorn?
Yet here were you and Ormond born.
Oh! were but you and I ſo wiſe,
To ſee with Robert Grattan's eyes!
Robin adores that ſpot of earth,
That literal ſpot which gave him birth;
And ſwears, "Belcamp ‡ is, to his taſte,
"As fine as Hampton-court at leaſt."
When to your friends you would enhance
The praiſe of Italy or France,
For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
We gladly hear you, and ſubmit:
But then, to come and keep a clutter,
For this or that ſide of a gutter,

* Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.
† R. and J. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackſon.
‡ In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

To live in this or t' other iſle,
We cannot think it worth your while;
For, take it kindly or amiſs,
The difference but amounts to this,
We bury on our ſide the channel
In linen; and on your's in flannel*.
You for the news are ne'er to ſeek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are ſure to meet
An hundred whores in every ſtreet;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a ſcore.
You ſee my arguments are ſtrong;
I wonder you held out ſo long:
But, ſince you are convinc'd at laſt,
We 'll pardon you for what is paſt.
So — let us now for whiſt prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

## JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned 's a bully;
Will cudgels Beſs, yet Will 's a cully.
Die Ned and Beſs; give Will to Joan,
She dares not ſay her life 's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Beſs to Ned,
And every day ſhe *combs his head.*

* The law for burying in woolen was extended to Ireland in 1733.

## A QUIBBLING ELEGY, ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *ſunk* our juſtice *Boat.*
Why ſhould he *ſink*, where nothing ſeem'd to preſs
His *lading* little, and his *ballaſt* leſs?
*Toſt* in the *waves* of this *tempeſtuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fixt and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end * he *founders* in the *port.*
With *water* † fill'd, he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a ſtronger *boat.*
A poſt ſo fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
*Benches* on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches.*
And yet our *Boat* (how ſhall I reconcile it?)
Was both a *Boat*, and in one ſenſe a *pilot.*
With every *wind* he *ſail'd*, and well could *tack*;
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack* ‡.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope.*
Behold the awful *bench*, on which he ſat!
He was as *hard* and ponderous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *ſand* was out, we find at laſt,
That death has *overſet* him with a *blaſt.*

* Two villages near the ſea.
† It was ſaid he died of a dropſy.
‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

Our

Our *Boat* is now *fail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our *Boat* * hath practis'd here ſo well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimſtone*, to fill up his *flaws*.
Yet, ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *poſt* again.
The way is thus; and well deſerves your thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's-green †;
And, when we view it thus with thief at end on 't,
We 'll cry; look, here 's our *Boat*, and there 's the *pendant*.

## THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies judge *Boat* within a coffin;
Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your ſcoffing.
A *Boat* a judge! yes; where 's the blunder?
A *wooden* judge is no ſuch wonder.
And in his robes, you muſt agree,
No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller;
In ſhort, he was an able *ſculler*.

* In condemning malefactors, as a judge.
† Where the Dublin gallows ſtands.

## PETHOX* THE GREAT. 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty ſhows;
But who thy father, no man knows;
Nor can the ſkilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Diſcovers Vulcan for thy ſire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin ſing'd the ſoil
(From whence, philoſophers agree,
An equal power deſcends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high deſcent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, ſhew numerous ſcars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Thoſe honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*,
And ſtill the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul deſcend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberleſs thy votaries croud;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Veſputio's name
(For ſo conjecturers would obtrude;
And from thy painted ſkin conclude);

* This name is plainly an *anagram*.

Whether,

Whether, as Epicurus ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolific ſtrife,
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The bird of Pallas knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goeſt.

Byzantians boaſt, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horſe hath trod,
Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee!

The greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.

With half a word, when you require,
The man of buſineſs muſt retire.

The haughty miniſter of ſtate
With trembling muſt thy leiſure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The buſineſs of the nation ſtands.

Thou dar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
Canſt hourly ſet him on the rack;
And, as an inſtance of thy power,
Incloſe him in a wooden tower,

With pungent pains on every ſide:
Re; ulus in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
angers with prudence to diſcern;
nd well thy ſcholars are endued
With temperance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills ſupports;
nd ſecreſy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
ut, having long convers'd with you,
nows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
our blood in every noble race!
n whom thy features, ſhape, and mien,
re to the life diſtinctly ſeen!
he Britons, once a ſavage kind,
y you were brighten'd and refin'd,
eſcendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
ut you have moulded them afreſh,
emov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
aught them to modulate their tongues,
nd ſpeak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
o change your viſage like the moon;
ou ſometimes half a face produce,
eep t' other half for private uſe.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, ſon of Pleias bright!

Our

Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
You ſtrove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as Troy endur'd.

## MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.
I 'm ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the Dean my maſter is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:

He

He has more goodneſs in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a parſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day, in anger, call'd you gooſe;
Which, and I am ſure I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
And he never call'd me worſe than ſweet-heart, drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his reverence was over concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: a chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs:
But that 's as much as to ſay, that my maſter ſhould die before ye;
Well, well, that 's as God pleaſes; and I don't believe that 's a true ſtory:
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and ſhame the devil;
I am but a poor ſervant; but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.

Beſides,

Beſides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tueſday of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man ſays you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he, (one day as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking;)
My maſter is ſo fond of that gainiſter that keeps the ſchool —
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a diſh-clout to his tail.
And now I muſt go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a ſad ſcrawl; but my ſiſter Marget, ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the bed, before my maſter comes from prayers;
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up ſtairs;
Whereof I could ſay more to your verſes, if I could write written hand:
And ſo I remain, in a civil way, your ſervant to command,

MARY.

A NEW

# A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT FOR BEC*. 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new ſupply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus diſplays the New-year's-gift.
Firſt, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertneſs, Robin's leaſings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teazings.
This box is cramm'd on every ſide
With Stella's magiſterial pride.
Behold a cage with ſparrows fill'd,
Firſt to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With ſix imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus ſends
Concerns by thouſands for your friends:
And here 's a pair of leathern pokes,
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken,
Still to be curious, never hearken.
Leſt you the town may have leſs trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca's† cares to Dublin,
For which he ſends this empty ſack;
And ſo take all upon your back.

* Mrs. Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.
† A country-houſe of Dr. Sheridan.

## DINGLEY AND BRENT*.

### A SONG.

To the tune of, "Ye Commons and Peers."

DINGLEY and Brent,
Wherever they went,
Ne'er minded a word that was ſpoken;
Whatever was ſaid,
They ne'er troubled their head,
But laugh'd at their own ſilly joking.

Should Solomon wiſe
In majeſty riſe,
And ſhew them his wit and his learning;
They never would hear,
But turn the deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.

You tell a good jeſt,
And pleaſe all the reſt;
Comes Dingley, and aſks you, What was it?
And, curious to know,
Away ſhe will go
To ſeek an old rag in the cloſet.

* Dr. Swift's houſe-keeper.

TO

## TO STELLA. 1723-4.

ritten on the DAY of her BIRTH, but not on the SUBJECT, when I was ſick in Bed.

TORMENTED with inceſſant pains,
Can I deviſe poetic ſtrains?
Time was, when I could yearly pay
My verſe on Stella's native day:
But now, unable grown to write,
grieve ſhe ever ſaw the light.
Ingrateful! ſince to her I owe
That I theſe pains can undergo.
She tends me, like an humble ſlave;
And, when indecently I rave,
When out my brutiſh paſſions break,
With gall in every word I ſpeak,
She, with ſoft ſpeech, my anguiſh chears,
Or melts my paſſions down with tears:
Although 'tis eaſy to deſcry
She wants aſſiſtance more than I;
Yet ſeems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own.
When, among ſcholars, can we find
So ſoft, and yet ſo firm a mind?
All accidents of life conſpire
To raiſe up Stella's virtue higher;
Or elſe to introduce the reſt
Which had been latent in her breaſt.

Her firmneſs who could e'er have known,
Had ſhe not evils of her own?
Her kindneſs who could ever gueſs,
Had not her friends been in diſtreſs?
Whatever baſe returns you find
From me, dear Stella, ſtill be kind.
In your own heart you 'll reap the fruit,
Though I continue ſtill a brute.
But, when I once am out of pain,
I promiſe to be good again:
Meantime, your other juſter friends
Shall for my follies make amends:
So may we long continue thus,
Admiring you, you pitying us.

## ON DREAMS.

### AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris," &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the ſilent night intrude,
And with falſe flitting ſhades our minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies;
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimic art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.

The

The drowſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murderer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.

The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.
Nor leſs Tom-t—d-man, of true ſtateſman mold,
Collects the city filth in ſearch of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his finger's in the cully's fob.

The kind phyſician grants the huſband's prayers,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead mens ſhoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the ſly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauſeous praiſe:
And Dick the ſcavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in * * * * * 's face.

## WHITSHED'S* MOTTO ON HIS COACH. 1724.

*LIBERTAS et natale ſolum:*
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
*Natale ſolum*, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it.
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeze their blood.
*Libertas* bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And, ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an un-complying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, ſixthly, for my ſoul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret†.

* The chief juſtice who proſecuted the Drapier.
† Lord lieutenant of Ireland.

Now,

Now, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you 've ſpoken once true.
*Libertas et natale ſolum:*
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

## Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT, In order to be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was DEAF, 1724.

DEAR ſir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
A friend that loves to ſee and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loſer by 't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you 'd be no gainer?
For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your buſineſs, ſir, is to be heard.

## THE ANSWER.

THE wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When by experience one would do?

'Tis true, ſay they, cut off the head,
And there 's an end; the man is dead;
Becauſe, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loſs of one is no ſuch trouble,
Since t'other will in ſtrength be double.
The limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you ſhall find, by this device
The other will be ſtronger twice;
For every day you ſhall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has loſt its brother,
You ſee the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Becauſe the ſoul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb *re-acts*.

But yet the point is not ſo clear in
Another caſe, the ſenſe of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be diſtant, as one head can bear;
Yet Galen moſt acutely ſhews you,
(Conſult his book *de partium uſu*)
That from each ear, as he obſerves,
There creep two auditory nerves,

Not to be ſeen without a glaſs,
Which near the *os petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorow there
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear;
Which made my grand-dame always ſtuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-ſufferers.
You ſee my learning; but, to ſhorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I ſolve this hard *phænomenon.*
'Tis true, a glaſs will bring ſupplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were loſt,
Would guard your noſe againſt a poſt:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are ſtronger and almoſt as good:
And as for hands, there have been thoſe
Who wanting both, have us'd their toes*:
But no contrivance yet appears
To furniſh artificial ears.

## A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a Friend who married a Shrew. 1724.

NELL ſcolded in ſo loud a din,
That Will durſt hardly venture in:
He markt the conjugal diſpute;
Nell roar'd inceſſant, Dick ſat mute;

* There have been inſtances of a man's writing with his foot.

But,

But, when he ſaw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear!
At ſight of Will, ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapt the door.
Why Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy houſe is worſe than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—n her, why don't you ſlit her tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe.
Dear Will, I ſuffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek peace, and enſue it.*
Will went again to viſit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He ſaw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my ſtory ſhort,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has deviliſh whims;
Odſ-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If ſhe were mine, and had ſuch tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle ſticks:
Z—ds! I would ſhip her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco*:
I'd ſend her far enough away—
Dear Will; but what would people ſay?

Lo

Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out ſhame.
Dick ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he ſaid it?
Can he, who makes himſelf a ſlave,
Conſult his peace, or credit ſave?
Dick found it by his ill ſucceſs,
His quiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſual rate;
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke, his pate:
And, what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
The pariſh jeer'd him to his face;
Thoſe men, who wore the breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beaſt.
At home he was purſued with noiſe;
Abroad was peſter'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with ſtones:
The 'prentices procur'd a *riding* *,
To act his patience, and her chiding.
Falſe patience and miſtaken pride!
There are ten thouſand Dicks beſide;
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

* A well-known humourous cavalcade, in ridicule of a ſcolding wife and hen-pecked huſband.

THE

## THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE.

Inſcribed to Lord CARTERET, 1724.

"Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus." VIR.

ONCE on a time, a righteous Sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervent prayer:
"O Jove, if Virtue be ſo fair
"As it was deem'd in former days
"By Plato and by Socrates,
"Whoſe beauties mortal eyes eſcape,
"Only for want of outward ſhape;
"Make then its real excellence,
"For once, the theme of human ſenſe;
"So ſhall the eye, by form confin'd,
"Direct and fix the wandering mind;
"And long-deluded mortals ſee
"With rapture what they us'd to flee."
Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bleſs and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming freſh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a ſon and heir:
An heir; and, ſtranger yet to hear,
An heir, an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought, to prove
Nothing impoſſible to Jove.
Virtue was for this ſex deſign'd
In mild reproof to woman-kind;

In manly form to let them ſee,
The lovelineſs of modeſty,
The thouſand decencies that ſhone
With leſſen'd luſtre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And ſome thought modiſh to deſpiſe.
To make his merit more diſcern'd,
He goes to ſchool—he reads—is learn'd;
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in a college;
Reſolv'd nor honour, nor eſtate,
Himſelf alone ſhould make him great.
Here ſoon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
Leſs to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And bluſh to ſee themſelves outdone;
And now, inflam'd with rival rage,
In ſcientific ſtrife engage,
Engage; and, in the glorious ſtrife,
The arts new-kindle into life.
Here would our Hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's beſt-belov'd retreat;
Contented he—but Fate ordains,
He now ſhall ſhine in nobler ſcenes
(Rais'd high, like ſome celeſtial fire,
To ſhine the more, ſtill riſing higher);

Completely

Diſtreſs of nations calls him hence,
Permitted ſo by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime ſhould be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the ſun,
His courſe of glorious toils ſhould run;
Alike diffuſing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy ſickens, Error flies,
And Diſcord in his preſence dies;
Oppreſſion hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;
The arts revive, the vallies ſing,
And winter ſoftens into ſpring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One ſex conſenting to admire,
Nor leſs the other to deſire;
Whilſt he, though ſeated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The reſt condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.
Fame now reports, the Weſtern Iſle
Is made his manſion for a while,
Whoſe anxious natives night and day
(Happy beneath his righteous ſway)
Weary the gods with ceaſeleſs prayer,
To bleſs him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from fate,
Too lately found, to loſe him late.

## VERSES on the UPRIGHT JUDGE, who condemned the DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

THE church I hate, and have good reaſon;
For there my grandſire cut his weazand:
He cut his weazand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

## ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandſire cut his throat:
To do the job, too long he tarry'd:
He ſhould have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

## ON THE SAME.

(The JUDGE ſpeaks.)

I'M not the grandſon of that aſs * Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Paſquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandſire knew, they tell us he
In Chriſt-church cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex traduce*.

* An alderman

# RIDDLES,

## BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIEN

Written in or about the Year 1724.

### I. On a PEN.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My perſon tall, and ſlender waiſt,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide:
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtript me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice or his luſt,
From me no ſecret he can hide;
I ſee his vanity and pride:

And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid, the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.
Nay; man my maſter is my ſlave:
I give command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

## II. On GOLD.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſt,
When in my gawdy livery dreſt!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me; or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The favourite meſſenger of Jove,
And *Lemnian* God, conſulting ſtrove

To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the Gods delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

## III.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face*;
*Superior* none on earth I find;
But ſee *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my *look*.
I ſometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.
I am a courtier in my way;
For thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out, that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice;
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pickt.
By riding *poſt*, I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

## IV. On the POSTERIORS.

BECAUSE I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid diſgrace,
I let no creature ſee my *face*.

My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*;
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*;
And my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt*.
Through me, though ſore againſt my will,
*Inſtructors* every art inſtil.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and bought,
Who neither get nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who's but my *caterer* and *taſter*?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I'm but a meer *depender* ſtill:
An humble *hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all people *make a jeſt*.
In me detractors ſeek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome cenſurers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too cloſe I hold my *purſe*.
But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not charge me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,

My *goings-out*, and *comings-in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle way*.
I 'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up*, and firſt *a-bed*;
Though, if I riſe *before my time*,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
*Good luck* to thoſe with whom I dwell.

## V. On a Horn.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft' in Celia's treſſes play.
To place thee in another view,
I 'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex:
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.

Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives, and, with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft' can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix:
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt.
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain?
But the fly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys when he beſtows thee.

## VI. On a CORKSCREW.

THOUGH I, alas! a priſoner be,
My trade is priſoners to ſet free.
No ſlave his lord's commands obeys
With ſuch *inſinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing*, *ſharp*, and *bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their eaſe,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they pleaſe.
A new and wondrous art I ſhow
Of raiſing ſpirits from below;

In *ſcarlet* ſome, and ſome in *white*;
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each *mouth* the *ſpirits* paſs,
Diſtinctly ſeen as through a glaſs:
O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at laſt all *ſecrets* out:
And ſtill, the more I ſhow my art,
The more they *open every heart.*

A greater chemiſt none than I,
Who from *materials hard and dry*
Have taught men to *extract* with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.

Although I 'm often *out of caſe*,
I 'm not aſham'd to ſhow my *face*.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the ſide-board take my ſeat;
Yet the plain 'ſquire, when dinner 's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand;
And often takes me by the *hand*.

I twice a day a *hunting* go;
Nor ever fail to *ſeize my foe*;
And, when I have him by the *pole*,
I drag him upwards from his *hole*;
Though ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind,
I 'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

I hourly wait ſome fatal end;
For I can *break*, but ſcorn to *bend*.

VII.

## VII.

### The GULPH of all HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

COME hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *paſt* actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad *reverſe* appears!
This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals' endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors, who their country ſold.
This gulph inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt, are ſeen.
Neceſſity, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame *deſire*,
The vigorous youth, and aged ſire.

Behold,

Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For, while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her heart*;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her *offerings* here.
A treaſure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works:
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.
In at this gulph all offerings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion, to reſtore mankind,
Was bid to throw the ſtones *behind*;
So thoſe who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to *look another way*;
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.
Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive dews*;

And

And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms* and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.
See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.
And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was dreft,
Each with a gold and purple veft;
I saw them of their garments ftript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript,
*Twice* were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
*Twice* from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.
Here oft' the curious traveler finds
The combat of *oppofing winds*:
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*,
He feels at once both *north* and *south*:
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent:

Or whether, *opening all his ſtores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.
Yet, from this *mingled maſs* of things,
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies:
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

## VIII.

## *LOUISA** to STREPHON.

AH! Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her, who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft' I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of every kiſs complain;
Ah! is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;

* This Riddle is ſolved by an Anagram.

With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.
Cloe, when on thy breaſt I lie,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If Cloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She 'll tear me with her deſperate nails;
And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Conſider, Strephon, what you do;
For, ſhould I die for love of you,
I 'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin (a numerous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court,
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who ſcourg'd to death that ſcourge of Rome)
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, ſhalt expire,
When his envenom'd ſhirt he wore,
And ſkin and fleſh in pieces tore.
Nor leſs that ſhirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her ſhift,
Shall in thy deareſt blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX. DE-

## IX.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind;
And ſuch is my prolific power,
They bloom in leſs than half an hour;
Yet ſtanders-by may plainly ſee
They get no nouriſhment from me.
My head with giddineſs goes round;
And yet I firmly ſtand my ground:
All over naked I am ſeen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd ſuch numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a *ring*;
Nor can our parſon blame the thing:
And, though no marriage words are ſpoke,
They part not till the *ring* is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanaticks cry,
I 'm but an idol rais'd on high:
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a priſoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old poſt reſtor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

## X. On the MOON.

I WITH borrow'd ſilver ſhine,
What you ſee is none of mine.
Firſt I ſhew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And, what will raiſe your admiration,
I am not one of GOD's creation,
But ſprung (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas from my father's brain.
And, after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the ſhades below.
Moſt wondrous forms you ſee me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fiſh, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne ſometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you ſee.

## XI. On a CIRCLE.

I 'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out,
Though hundreds have employ'd their leiſure,
They never yet could find my meaſure.
I 'm found almoſt in every garden,
Nay in the compaſs of a farthing.
There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can *move* an *inch* except I will.

XII. On

## XII. On Ink.

I AM jet-black, as you may ſee,
The ſon of pitch, and gloomy night:
Yet all that know me will agree,
I 'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyrick high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can ſoar;
And raiſe a virgin to the ſky,
Or ſink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this day is very ſweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cry'd about the ſtreet,
And ſo apply'd to different uſe.

Moſt wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I 'll make the devil a ſaint this hour,
Next make a devil of a ſaint.

Through diſtant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly ſhew a reaſon, why
There ſhould be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you 'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will diſpute,
That I ſhould point the word of God,
And ſhew where they can beſt confute.

Let lawyers bawl and ſtrain their throats:
'Tis I that muſt the lands convey,
And ſtrip the clients to their coats;
Nay, give their very ſouls away.

## XIII. On the Five Senses.

ALL of us in one you 'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He 's the regiſter of all
In our ken, both great and ſmall;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He 's our maſter; we his tools;
Yet we can with greateſt eaſe
Turn and wind him where we pleaſe.
One of us alone can ſleep,
Yet no watch the reſt will keep,
But the moment that he cloſes,
Every brother elſe repoſes.
If wine 's bought, or victuals dreſt,
One enjoys them for the reſt.
Pierce us all with wounding ſteel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thouſand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thouſand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful ſound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There 's but one of us can ſmell.

## XIV.

## FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my boſom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the leaſt love-ſurprize,
Yet endleſs tears flow down in ſtreams;
There 's nought ſo beautiful in thee,
But you may find the ſame in me.

The lilies of thy ſkin compare;
In me you ſee them full as white.
The roſes of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, ſince I ſhew as fine a face,
Can you refuſe a ſoft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou 'rt in thy prime!
And ſo am I whilſt thou art here;
But ſoon will come the fatal time,
When all we ſee ſhall diſappear.
'Tis mine to make a juſt reflexion,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may,
Treat not your lovers with diſdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the ſad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no ſecond ſpring.

## XV. On an ECHO.

NEVER ſleeping, ſtill awake,
Pleaſing moſt when moſt I ſpeak;
he delight of old and young,
hough I ſpeak without a tongue.
ought but one thing can confound me,
any voices joining round me;
hen I fret, and rave, and gabble,
ke the labourers of Babel.
ow I am a dog, or cow,
an bark, or I can low,
an bleat, or I can ſing,
ke the warblers of the ſpring.
t the love-ſick bard complain,
nd I mourn the cruel pain;
t the happy ſwain rejoice,
nd I join my helping voice;
th are welcome, grief or joy,
with either ſport and toy.
hough a lady, I am ſtout,
rums and trumpets bring me out:
hen I claſh, and roar, and rattle,
in in all the din of battle.
ve, with all his loudeſt thunder,
'hen I 'm vext, can't keep me under;
t ſo tender is my ear,
hat the loweſt voice I fear;
uch I dread the courtier's fate,
'hen his merit 's out of date,
r I hate a ſilent breath,
nd a whiſper is my death.

## XVI. On a SHADOW IN A GLASS.

BY ſomething form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet every where I may be ſeen;
In all things falſe, yet always true,
I 'm ſtill the ſame — but ever new.
Lifeleſs, life's perfect form I wear,
Can ſhew a noſe, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither ſmell, ſee, taſte, or hear.
All ſhapes and features I can boaſt,
No fleſh, no bones, no blood — no ghoſt:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the cameleon.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I 'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate,
Faſter than nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and ſtrait an elf,
I 'm every one, but ne'er myſelf;
Ne'er ſad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die,
Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII. MOST

## XVII.

[OST things by me do riſe and fall,
And as I pleaſe they 're great and ſmall;
ding foes, without reſiſtance,
h eaſe I make to keep their diſtance;
in, as I 'm diſpos'd, the foe
l come, though not a foot they go.
mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
lowing herds, and piping ſwains,
e dancing to me o'er the plains.
greateſt whale that ſwims the ſea
inſtantly my power obey.
ain from me the ſailor flies,
quickeſt ſhip I can ſurprize,
turn it as I have a mind,
move it againſt tide and wind.
bring me here the talleſt man,
ſqueeze him to a little ſpan;
ring a tender child and pliant,
'll ſee me ſtretch him to a giant;
ſhall they in the leaſt complain,
uſe my magick gives no pain.

## XVIII. On TIME.

VER eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all deſtroying,
r finding full repaſt,
I eat the world at laſt.

## XIX. On the GALLOWS.

THERE is a gate, we know full well,
That ſtands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and
Where many for a paſſage venture,
Yet very few are fond to enter;
Although 'tis open night and day,
They for that reaſon ſhun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I 'll let you know.
Yet commoners with greateſt eaſe
Can find an entrance when they pleaſe.
The pooreſt hither march in ſtate
(Or they can never paſs the gate),
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump on 't.
If graveſt parſons here advance,
They cannot paſs before they dance;
There 's not a ſoul that does reſort here,
But ſtrips himſelf to pay the porter.

## XX. On the VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features,
One of us in glaſs is ſet,
One of us you 'll find in jet,
T' other you may ſee in tin,
And the fourth a box within,
If the fifth you ſhould purſue,
It can never fly from you.

## XXI. On Snow.

.OM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can ſhew ſuch a ſkin.
bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
eavy and dark, when you ſqueeze me together.
igh candour and truth in my aſpect I bear,
nany poor creatures I help to enſnare.
igh ſo much of Heaven appears in my make,
ouleſt impreſſions I eaſily take.
arent and I produce one another,
nother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

## XXII. On a Cannon.

GOTTEN, and born, and dying with noiſe,
The terror of women, and pleaſure of boys,
the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
hiefly unruly when ſtrongeſt confin'd.
lver and gold I don't trouble my head,
ll I delight in is pieces of lead;
t when I trade with a ſhip or a town,
then I make pieces of iron go down.
roperty more I would have you remark,
dy was ever more fond of a ſpark;
noment I get one, my ſoul 's all a-fire,
I roar out my joy, and in tranſport expire.

## XXIII. On a Pair of Dice.

WE are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loſs and gain,
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and ſome undone:
But men find it to their coſt,
Few are made, but numbers loſt.
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

## XXIV. On a Candle.

### TO LADY CARTERET.

OF all inhabitants on earth,
To Man alone I owe my birth,
And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
Are all my parents more than he:
I, a virtue, ſtrange and rare,
Make the faireſt look more fair;
And myſelf, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow ſtill the fairer.
Like ſots, alone I 'm dull enough,
When dos'd with ſmoak, and ſmear'd with ſnu
But, in the midſt of mirth and wine,
I with double luſtre ſhine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Poliſh'd neck, and radiant eye;
In my eye my greateſt grace,
Emblem of the Cyclops' race;
Metals I like them ſubdue,
Slave like them to Vulcan too.

Emblem of a monarch old,
Wiſe, and glorious to behold;
Waſted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the public weal:
Emblem of the baſhful dame,
That in ſecret feeds her flame,
Often aiding to impart
All the ſecrets of her heart:
Various is my bulk and hue,
Big like Beſs, and ſmall like Sue;
Now brown and burniſh'd like a nut,
At other times a very ſlut;
Often fair, and ſoft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and ſmooth, and ſlender;
Like Flora deck'd with faireſt flowers,
Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
But, whatever be my dreſs,
Greater be my ſize or leſs,
Swelling be my ſhape or ſmall,
Like thyſelf I ſhine in all.
Clouded if my face is ſeen,
My complexion wan and green,
Languid like a love-ſick maid,
Steel affords me preſent aid.
Soon or late, my date is done,
As my thread of life is ſpun;
Yet to cut the fatal thread
Oft' revives my drooping head:
Yet I periſh in my prime,
Seldom by the death of time;

Die like lovers as they gaze,
Die for thoſe I live to pleaſe;
Pine unpitied to my urn,
Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

## XXV. TO LADY CARTERET. BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
Without ſtretching a finger, or ſtirring a foot,
I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
Though many and various, and large and aſunder.
Without joſtling or crowding they paſs ſide by ſide,
Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide:
Then I lodge them at eaſe in a very large ſtore,
Of no breadth or length, with a thouſand things more.
All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
Though ſometimes, they ſay, I bewitch and do harm;
Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
And nothing can ſhield from my ſpell but a ſhade.
A thief that has robb'd you, or done you diſgrace,
In magical mirrour I 'll ſhew you his face:
Nay, if you 'll believe what the poets have ſaid,
They 'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
Like conjurers ſafe in my circle I dwell,
I love to look black too, it heightens my ſpell;
Though my magick is mighty in every hue,
Who ſee all my power muſt ſee it in YOU.

ANSWERED

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an *eye* your riddle I ſpy.
I obſerve your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever paſſes is ſtrained through glaſſes.
You ſay it is quiet: I flatly deny it.
It wanders about, without ſtirring out;
No paſſion ſo weak but gives it a tweak;
Love, joy, and devotion, ſet it always in motion.
And as for the tragic effects of its magick
Which you ſay it can kill, or revive at its will,
The dead are all ſound, and revive above ground,
After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow, ſince it flies from Apollo.
Its cowardice ſuch, it cries at a touch,
'Tis a perfect milkſop, grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault, it cannot bear ſalt:
And a hair can diſarm it of every charm.

## XXVI. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. SWIFT.

FROM India's burning clime I 'm brought,
With cooling gales like Zephyrs fraught.
Not Iris, when ſhe paints the ſky,
Can ſhew more different hue than I;
Nor can ſhe change her form ſo faſt,
I 'm now a ſail, and now a maſt.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen.

I ſome-

I ſometimes live in houſe of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair.
I pleaſe the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you 're the man.

ANSWERED BY DR. SHERIDAN.

YOUR houſe of hair and lady's hand
At firſt did put me to a ſtand.
I have it now — 'tis plain enough —
Your hairy buſineſs is a *muff*.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once ſo like your maſts and ſails;
And for the rhyme to *you 're the man*,
What fits it better than a *fan*?

## A RECEIPT

### TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;

Expos'd

Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhowers and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And, as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh;
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.
Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood,
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You 'll be no more the former *you*;

But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices *o'quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca gates.
But, leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you 're out of caſe:
For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquire in ſcorn will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We 'll make it firm with beef and claret.

## STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe 's paſt her dancing-days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,

Call

Call the old houſe-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I 'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And, if the Muſe deny her aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.
But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time ſits, with his ſcythe, to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;

That

That half your locks are turn'd to grey?
I 'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimmiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I 'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*.
Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her ſpight
To make me *deaf*, and mend my *ſight*!

## AN EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS-MONEY.

CARTERET was welcom'd to the ſhore
Firſt with the brazen cannons roar;
To meet him next the ſoldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bells ſalute his ears:
But, when Wood's braſs began to ſound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown

A SIMI

# A SIMILE,
## IN OUR WANT OF SILVER:
## the only WAY to REMEDY it. 1725.

S when of old ſome ſorcereſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
drive unſeen her magic chair,
nidnight through the darken'd air;
e people, who believ'd with reaſon
: this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
m'd the moon was ſick, and fell
:ure her by a counter-ſpell.
thouſand cymbals now begin
end the ſkies with brazen din;
cymbals' rattling ſounds diſpel
cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
moon, deliver'd from her pain,
lays her *ſilver* face again
e here, that in the chemic ſtyle,
moon is *ſilver* all this while).
) (if my ſimile you minded,
ch I confeſs is too long-winded)
en late a feminine magician *,
'd with a *braſen* politician,
os'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
archment † of prodigious ſize;

reat lady was ſaid to have been bribed by Wood.
patent for coining half-pence.

Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil:
And, when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

## WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

BY long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a *wood*-louſe,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:
And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone *.
The louſe of the *wood* for a medicine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,

* He was in gaol for debt.

e need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
· ſick of *obſtructions*, and *pains in her cheſt*.
The next is an inſect we call a *wood*-worm,
hat lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form;
'ith teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch,
nd chambermaids chriſten this worm a death-watch;
cauſe like a watch it always cries *click*:
ıen woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick:
r, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
the maggot cries *click* when it ſcratches the poſt.
ıt a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
fallibly cures the timber affected:
ıe omen is broken, the danger is over;
ıe maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.
ch a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at the door
· a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
ıe death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretell,
ıd the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
ıt now, ſince the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
hink the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald him.
ır which operation there 's nothing more proper
ıan the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
ıleſs, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
ıis coiner of *raps* * in a cauldron of oil.
ıen chuſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a faggot,
ır our fear 's at an end with the death of the maggot.

* Counterfeit half-pence.

## ON WOOD THE IRON-MONGER. 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copper-ſmith of Elis:
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could ſleep;
Among a crew of royſtering fellows
Would ſit whole evenings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With *braſs* two fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *braſs* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar,
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch:
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling croud below.
All ran to prayers, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling;
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;

hey laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
o take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
pply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper:
'hich, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts
:iſtook at firſt for thunder-bolts;
:fore the Drapier ſhot a letter,
Vor Jove himſelf could do it better)
'hich, lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
ike real thunder knock'd him down.

## 'ILL WOOD'S PETITION
## THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

an excellent NEW SONG, ſuppoſed to be made
d ſung in the Streets of DUBLIN, by WILLIAM
OOD, Iron-monger and Half-penny-monger.

1725.

MY dear Iriſh folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
nd buy up my half-pence ſo fine;
So fair and ſo bright,
They 'll give you delight;
bſerve, how they gliſten and ſhine!

They 'll ſell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
or counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
pan-farthing, or toſs on the knife.

Come hither, and try;
I 'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; three-pence a ſcore,
I aſk you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge *.

When tradeſmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him:
My copper is ſuch,
No robber will touch,
And ſo you may daintily bob him.

The little black-guard,
Who gets very hard
His half-pence for cleaning your ſhoes:
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d—'d,
He may ſwear he has nothing to loſe.

Here 's half-pence in plenty,
For one you 'll have twenty,
Though thouſands are not worth a pudden:
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a ſudden.

You will be my thankers,
I 'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade †:

* The Drapier's printer.
† Two famous bankers.

For nothing ſhall paſs
But my pretty braſs,
nd then you 'll be all of a trade.

I 'm a ſon of a whore
If I have a word more
o ſay in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not paſs,
I muſt die like an aſs;
nd ſo I conclude my petition.

## A NEW SONG
## ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

ℓ people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come liſten with patience, and hear out my ditty:
is time I 'll chuſe to be wiſer than witty.
*Which nobody can deny.*

Half-pence are coming, the nation 's undoing,
e 's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and brewing;
ort, you muſt all go to rack and to ruin.
*Which*, &c.

high men and low men, and thick men and tall men,
rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall men,
ſuffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
*Which*, &c.

Soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
ive pence will prove but a farthing a day,
neat, or for drink; or he muſt run away.
*Which*, &c.

When he pulls out his two pence, the Tapſter ſays no,
That ten times as much he muſt pay for his ſhot;
And thus the poor Soldier muſt ſoon go to pot.
*Which*, &c.

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,
And twenty pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and raſcal, and ſo kick and cuff.
*Which*, &c.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier muſt be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a noſe.
*Which*, &c.

The Butcher is ſtout, and he values no ſwagger;
A cleaver 's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue ſleeve may give ſuch a cuff as may ſtagger.
*Which*, &c.

The Beggars themſelves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are ſunk in their price;
When nothing is left, they muſt live on their lice.
*Which*, &c.

The Squire poſſeſs'd of twelve thouſand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have houſe-room, I fear.
*Which*, &c.

Though at preſent he lives in a very large houſe,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouſe;
But the Squire 's too wiſe, he will not take a ſouſe.
*Which*, &c.

The

who comes with his rent in this caſh,
ieſe counters, and being ſo raſh,
'd out of doors, both himſelf and his traſh.
*Which*, &c.

ıe leaſes that ever we hold,
' our rent in good ſilver and gold,
raſs tokens of ſuch a baſe mold.
*Which*, &c.

: Lawyers all ſwear, they will warrant
ıt ſilver and gold can be current;
ıey will ſwear it, we all may be ſure on 't.
*Which*, &c.

after all, it would be very ſtrange,
ent money for baſe in exchange,
ıdy ſwapping her moles for the mange.
*Which*, &c.

king's patent, and there you will find,
need take them but who has a mind,
: muſt ſay that his Majeſty 's kind.
*Which*, &c.

:ſs the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
his book, that the writer is wiſe:
the cheat, from the end to the riſe.
*Which*, &c.

he ſhews it a very hard caſe,
ow Wood, of a very bad race,
the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
*Which*, &c.

That

That he and his half-pence ſhould come to weigh down
Our ſubjects ſo loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
*Which*, &c.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book againſt Mr. Wood's;
If you ſtand true together, he 's left in the ſuds.
*Which*, &c.

Ye ſhop-men and trades-men and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my ſoul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there 's an end of your credit.
*Which nobody can deny.*

## A SERIOUS POEM

### Upon WILLIAM WOOD, Braſier, Tinker, Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder, and Eſquire.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preſerve them from ſlaughter,
To be *hewers* of *wood*, and *drawers* of water.
Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;
Yet we all ſhould rejoice to be *hewers of Wood.*
I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,
That a rogue ſo *obſcure* ſhould make ſuch a clutter:
But antient Philoſophers wiſely remark,
That old rotten *Wood* will ſhine in the *dark.*
The Heathens, we read, had *Gods* made of *Wood*,
Who could do them no harm, if they did them no good:
But this idol *Wood* may do us great evil;
Their Gods were of *Wood*; but our *Wood* is the *Devil.*

To

it down fine *Wood*, is a very bad thing;
yet we all know much *gold* it will bring.
, if cutting down *Wood* brings money good ſtore,
noney to keep, let us *cut down one more.*
w hear an old tale. There anciently ſtood
get in what church) an image of *Wood.*
erning this image, there went a prediction,
uld burn a whole *foreſt*; nor was it a fiction.
s cut into faggots and put to the flame,
urn an old Friar, one *Foreſt* by name.
ale is a wiſe one, if well underſtood:
you but the *Friar*; and I 'll find the *Wood.*
ear, among ſcholars there is a great doubt
what kind of tree this *Wood* was hewn out.
ue made a good pun by a *brogue* in his ſpeech;
ſaid, *By my ſhoul, he 's the ſon of a* BEECH.
call him a *Thorn*, the curſe of the nation,
*horns* were deſign'd to be from the creation.
think him cut out from the poiſonous *Yew*;
ath whoſe ill ſhade no plant ever grew.
ſay he 's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;
one but a *dunce* would come under his *rod.*
'll tell you the ſecret; and pray do not blab:
an old ſtump, cut out of a *Crab*;
England has put this *Crab* to a hard uſe,
udgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;
therefore his *witneſſes* juſtly may boaſt,
none are more properly knights of the *Poſt.*
e'er could endure my talent to ſmother:
l you one tale, and I 'll tell you another.

A joiner,

A joiner, to faſten a ſaint in a *nitch*,
Bor'd a large *auger-hole* in the image's breech.
But, finding the *ſtatue* to make no complaint,
He would ne'er be convinced it was a *true ſaint*.
When the *true Wood* arrives, as he ſoon will, no doubt,
(For that 's but a ſham *Wood* they carry about*;)
What *ſtuff* he is made of you quickly may find,
If you make the ſame trial, and *bore* him *behind*.
I 'll hold you a groat, when you *wimble* his *bum*,
He 'll bellow as loud as the *Devil* in a *drum*.
From me, I declare, you ſhall have no denial;
And there can be no harm in making a trial:
And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,
You may ſhew him about for a new *groaning-board*.
Hear one ſtory more, and then I will ſtop.
I dreamt *Wood* was told he ſhould die by a *drop*:
So methought he reſolved no liquor to taſte,
For fear the *firſt drop* might as well be his *laſt*.
But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at Kilmainham †.
I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
Very ſoon to ſee *Wood drop* down from a *rope*.
How he! and how we, at each other ſhould grin!
'Tis kindneſs to hold a friend up by the chin.
But ſoft! ſays the Herald; I cannot agree;
For *metal* on *metal* is falſe Heraldry.
Why, that may be true; yet *Wood* upon *Wood*,
I 'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

* He was frequently burnt in effigy.

† Their place of execution.

TO

## TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dec. 14, 1719 *, 9 at night.

SIR,

IT is impoſſible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain Engliſh, tell us ſo?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to fit with the ladies † this night:

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you; and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry; and the boy here had not been ſent to let Alexander know I was here; I ſhould have miſſed the letter out-right.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be ſending for corks to ſtop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and ſend your man Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon ſay, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own houſe to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

* This is probably dated too early.

† Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon.

I will

I wiſh Alexander ſafe at St. Catharine's to-night, with all my heart and ſoul, upon my word and honour:
But I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor fellow out ſo late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor
I would preſent my humble ſervice to my lady Mountcaſhel; but truly I thought ſhe would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.
But now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my paper is ended.

1 P. S.

I wiſh, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I ſcolded and rated;
My ſoul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated; the caſe I have ſtated;
And me you have cheated. My ſtable's unſtated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wiſh you tranſlated,
For teazing me.

2 P. S.

Mrs Dingley deſires me ſingly
Her ſervice to preſent you; hopes that will content you;
But Johnſon madam is grown a ſad dame,
For want of converſe, and cannot ſend one verſe.

3 P. S.

You keep ſuch a twattling with you and your bottling;
But I ſee the ſum total, we ſhall ne'er have a bottle;

The

The long and the ſhort, we ſhall not have a quart.
I wiſh you would ſign 't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloguing, I 'd be glad of a knoggin:
But I doubt 'tis a ſham; you won't give us a dram.
Tis of ſhine a month moon-full, you won't part with a ſpoonfull,
And I muſt be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You ſee I won't ſtop, till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor ſupernaculum;
Though perhaps you tell it for a grace, if we ſmell it.

STELLA.

## TO QUILCA,

### A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN,

In no very good Repair, 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabbin dropping rain;
Chimnies with ſcorn rejecting ſmoak;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedſteds broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs Want in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

* The name of an Iriſh ſervant.

The

## The PLAGUES of a COUNTRY-LI

A companion with news; a great want of fh
Eat lean meat, or chuſe; a church without
Our horſes aſtray; no ſtraw, oats, or hay;
December in May; our boys run away; all

## DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. S

I'D have you to know, as ſure as you 're I
On Thurſday my caſk of Obrien I 'll drai
If my wife is not willing, I ſa. ſhe 's a quea
And my right to the cellar, egad, I 'll maint
As bravely as any tha: fought at Dunblain:
Go tell her it over a:d over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain;
For, ſhould it, I fear it will cool my hot br
Entirely extinguiſh my poetic vein;

## SWIFT'S ANSWER.

; verſes you ſent on the bottling your wine
:re, in every one's judgement, exceedingly fine;
uſt confeſs, as a dean and divine,
'ou inſpir'd by the Muſes all nine.
:xamin'd them every line,
worſt of them all like a barn-door did ſhine.
Jove would give me ſuch a talent as thine!
:lany or Dan I would ſcorn to combine.
hey have many a wicked deſign;
:e Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
, I wiſh, honeſt comrade of mine,
ıld really on Thurſday leave St. Catharine*,
hear you are cramm'd every day like a ſwine;
: you 'll no more have a ſtomach to dine,
· your vittles lie ſleeping ſupine:
ı you were toothleſs, like lord Maſſerine.
e you as wicked as lewd Aretine,
ıu would tell me which way you incline.
you return, your road you don't line,
ſday I 'll pay my reſpects at your ſhrine,
r you bend, wherever you twine,
, or in oppoſite circle, or trine.
f will on Thurſday be ſalter than brine:
ıu have ſwill'd, with new milk from the kine,
as the Liffee 's outdone by the Rhine;

e ſeat of lady Mountcaſhel, near Dublin.

And Dan ſhall be with us, with noſe aquiline.
If you do not come back, we ſhall weep out our eyne:
Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine:
But, if too many come, your madam will whine;
And then you may kiſs the low end of her ſpine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine:
I hope you will not think this a *paſquine*.

## A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

COME ſit by my ſide, while this picture I draw:
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himſelf could not bridle;
Impertinent mixture of buſy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half ſo crabbed;
She ſwills like a ſow, and ſhe breeds like a rabbit:
A houſe-wife in bed, at table a ſlattern;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas*, Ford †, Grattan ‡, and merry Dan ‖,
Has this any likeneſs to good madam Sheridan?

* Dr. Thomas Sheridan.
† Charles Ford of Woodpark, Eſq;
‡ Reverend John Grattan.
‖ Reverend Daniel Jackſon.

## UPON STEALING A CROWN WHEN THE DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

### BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, ſince you in ſleepy wiſe
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghoſt, I glide along your floor,
And ſoftly ſhut the parlour-door:
For ſhould I break your ſweet repoſe,
Who knows what money you might loſe;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thouſand pound?
Then ſleep, my friend; dear dean, ſleep on,
And all you get ſhall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you loſe belongs to me.

### THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he 's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the leaſt difference find,
But that you left no cap behind.
But, jeſt apart, reſtore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens * and ſix-pence ha'penny.

* A ſhilling paſſeth for thirteen pence in Ireland.

To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me ſuch a deadly cut —
But 'tis obſerv'd, that men in gowns
Are moſt inclin'd to plunder *crowns*.
Could you but *change* a crown as eaſy
As you can ſteal one, how 'twould pleaſe ye!
I thought the lady * at St. Catharine's
Knew how to ſet you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondiſham †,
And for his victuals let a ragman diſh 'em.

## THE STORM;
## MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddeſs chaſte and wiſe,
Deſcending lately from the ſkies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He 'd give his orders for a ſtorm;
A ſtorm, to drown that raſcal Horte,
And ſhe would kindly thank him for 't:
A wretch! whom Engliſh rogues, to ſpite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre.
The god, who favour'd her requeſt,
Aſſur'd her he would do his beſt:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the biſhop lov'd a whore,

* Lady Montcaſhel.

† Agmondiſham Veſey eſq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great eſteem.

And

And had enlarg'd her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beſide.
At ſea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a miſtreſs, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the biſhop's bench,
Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench;
If Horte muſt ſink, ſhe grieves to tell it,
She 'll not have left one ſingle prelate:
For, to ſay truth, ſhe did intend him,
Elect of Cyprus *in commendam*.
And, ſince her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

Then Proteus urg'd the ſame requeſt,
But half in earneſt, half in jeſt;
Said he — "Great ſovereign of the main,
"To drown him, all attempts are vain;
"Horte can aſſume more forms than I,
"A rake, a bully, pimp, or ſpy;
"Can creep or run, can fly or ſwim,
"All motions are alike to him:
"Turn him adrift, and you ſhall find
"He knows to ſail with every wind;
"Or, throw him overboard, he 'll ride
"As well againſt, as with the tide.
"But, Pallas, you 've apply'd too late;
"For 'tis decreed, by Jove and Fate,
"That Ireland muſt be ſoon deſtroy'd,
"And who but Horte can be employ'd?
"You need not then have been ſo pert,
"In ſending Bolton * to Clonfert.

* Afterwards archbiſhop of Caſhell.

" I found you did it, by your grinning;
" Your buſineſs is, to mind your ſpinning.
" But how you came to interpoſe
" In making biſhops, no one knows:
" Or who regarded your report;
" For never were you ſeen at court.
" And if you muſt have your petition,
" There 's Berkeley * in the ſame condition:
" Look, there he ſtands, and 'tis but juſt,
" If one muſt drown, the other muſt;
" But, if you 'll leave us biſhop Judas,
" We 'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
" Now, if 'twill gratify your ſpight,
" To put him in a plaguy fright,
" Although 'tis hardly worth the coſt,
" You ſoon ſhall ſee him ſoundly toſt.
" You 'll find him ſwear, blaſpheme, and damn
" (And every moment take a dram)
" His ghaſtly viſage with an air
" Of reprobation and deſpair:
" Or elſe ſome hiding-hole he ſeeks,
" For fear the reſt ſhould ſay he ſqueaks;
" Or, as Fitzpatrick † did before,
" Reſolve to periſh with his whore;
" Or elſe he raves, and roars, and ſwears,
" And, but for ſhame, would ſay his prayers.
" Or, would you ſee his ſpirits ſink,
" Relaxing downwards in a ſtink?

* Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afterwards biſhop of Cloyne.

† Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the *packet*-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great ſtorm.

" If ſuch a fight as this can pleaſe ye,
" Good madam Pallas, pray be eaſy,
" To Neptune ſpeak, and he 'll conſent;
" But he 'll come back the knave he went."
The goddeſs, who conceiv'd an hope,
That Horte was deſtin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it beſt to condeſcend
To ſpare a foe, to ſave a friend:
But, fearing Berkeley might be ſcar'd,
She left him Virtue for a guard.

## ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH, heavenly-born! in deepeſt dells
If faireſt ſcience ever dwells
Beneath the moſſy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods:
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the ſylvan ſcenes
With ſcientific light;
While Dian, huntreſs of the vales,
Seeks lulling ſounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal ſight.

Yet, goddeſs, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obſtructed and depreſs'd:
Till Wiſdom give the ſacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninſpir'd, to ſhine,
By Reaſon's power redreſs'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught,
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cauſe
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Aſtræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred ſuns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac ſyſtem rolls,
In vain the lunar ſphere.

Come, faireſt princeſs of the throng,
Bring ſweet Philoſophy along
In metaphyſic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian ſtreams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand,
To curſe ſome other deſtin'd land
By Folly led aſtray:
Iërne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her ſoar, and ſing
Thy univerſal ſway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majeſtic ſound aſpire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To ſculpture turn'd by magic ſound
And petrifying ſong.

# CONTENTS

OF

# THE FIRST VOLUME.

ODE to the Hon. Sir William Temple, 1689. Page 1
—— to the Athenian Society, 1691. 9
ines written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book, 1699. 20
frs. Frances Harris's Petition. 22
allad on the Game of Traffic. 26
nother Ballad, occaſioned by the preceding one. 28
he Diſcovery. 29
he Problem, that my Lord Berkeley ſtinks when he is in Love. 31
eſcription of a Salamander, 1706. 33
o the Earl of Peterborow, who commanded the Britiſh Forces in Spain. 36
n the Union. 37
n Mrs. Biddy Floyd. 38
pollo outwitted. To the Honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards Counteſs of Winchelſea. 39
anbrugh's Houſe, built from the Ruins of Whitehall. 42
he Hiſtory of Vanbrugh's Houſe. 46
aucis and Philemon, 1708. 48

Elegy on the ſuppoſed Death of Partridge the Almanack-maker. Page 54
Merlin's Prophecy, 1709, 58
A Deſcription of the Morning. 59
——— a City-Shower, 1710. 61
On the little Houſe by the Church-yard of Caſtle-nock. 63
The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod. 65
Atlas; or, the Miniſter of State. 67
A Town Eclogue. 69
The Fable of Midas, 1711. 71
An excellent new Song; being the intended Speech of a famous Orator againſt Peace. 73
The Windſor Prophecy. 75
Epigram, 1712. 77
Corinna. ibid
Toland's Invitation to Diſmal, to dine with the Calves-head Club. 81
Peace and Dunkirk; an excellent new Song. 83
Horace, Book I. Ep. VII. 1713. 85
——— Book II. Sat. VI. 89
The Author upon himſelf. 93
The Faggot. 95
Catullus de Leſbia. 97
Epigram, from the French. 99
On a Curate's Complaint of Hard Duty, ibid
A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor; upon his lending his Houſe to the Biſhop of Meath till his Palace was re-built. 101

Cadenus and Vaneſſa. Page 101
To Love. 131
Ode to Spring. By a Lady. 132
—— to Wiſdom. By the ſame. 133
A Rebus. By Vaneſſa. 134
The Dean's Anſwer. ibid.
Horace, Book I. Ode I. paraphraſed. 1714. 135
—— Book I. Ep. V. John Dennis the Sheltering Poet's Invitation to Richard Steele the ſecluded Party-writer and Member, to come and live with him in the Mint. 140
To Lord Harley, on his Marriage. 146
In Sickneſs. Written in Ireland, October 1714. 149
The Fable of the Bitches. Written in the Year 1715, on an Attempt to repeal the Teſt-Act. 150
Horace, Book III. Ode II. To the Earl of Oxford, late Lord Treaſurer. Sent to him when in the Tower, 1716. 152
Phyllis; or, The Progreſs of Love. 153
Ad Amicum Eruditum Thomam Sheridan. 1717. 156
Horace, Book IV. Ode IX. Addreſſed to Abp. King. 1718. 158
To Mr. Delany. 159
A left-handed Letter to Dr. Sheridan. 163
A Motto for Mr. Jaſon Haſad, Woollen-draper in Dublin; whoſe Sign was the Golden Fleece. 164
To Mr. Sheridan. 165
Stella's Birth-day, March 13, 1718-19. 166
Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift, 1719. 167
The Dean's Anſwer. ibid.

Stella's Birth-day, 1720. Page 168
To Stella, who collected and tranſcribed his Poems, 170
To Stella, viſiting me in my Sickneſs. 175
Elegy on the Death of Demar, the Uſurer. 179
Epitaph on a Miſer. 181
To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount, upon praiſing her Huſband to Dr. Swift. ibid.
Verſes written on a Window, at the Deanry-houſe, St. Patrick's. 182
On another Window. ibid.
Apollo to the Dean. 183
News from Parnaſſus. By Dr. Delany. 186
The Run upon the Bankers. 189
The Deſcription of an Iriſh Feaſt. 192
An excellent new Song on a ſeditious Pamphlet, 1720. 193
The Progreſs of Beauty. 195
——— of Poetry. 199
The South-Sea Project. 1721. 209
The Dog and Shadow. 209
To a Friend, who had been much abuſed in many different Libels. ibid.
Billet to the Company of Players. 210
The Prologue. ibid.
Epigram. 212
Prologue to a Play for the Benefit of the Diſtreſſed Weavers. By Mr. Sheridan. ibid.
Epilogue, by the Dean. 214
A Poem, by Dr. Delany, on the preceding Prologue and Epilogue. 216

On

On Gaulſtown-houſe, by Dr. Delany. Page 218
The Country-Life. Part of a Summer ſpent at Gaulſtown-houſe. 219
Thomas Sheridan, Clerk, to George-Nim-Dan-Dean, Eſq. 224
George-Nim-Dan-Dean's Anſwer. 225
George-Nim-Dan-Dean's Invitation to Thomas Sheridan. 227
To George-Nim-Dan-Dean, Eſq; upon his incomparable Verſes, &c. By Dr. Delany, in Sheridan's Name. 229
To Mr. Thomas Sheridan, upon his Verſes written in Circles. By Dr. Swift. 231
On Sheridan's Circular Verſes. By Mr. George Rochfort. 232
On Dan Jackſon's Picture cut in Silk and Paper. 233
Several Verſes on the ſame Picture. 234 and 235
Dan Jackſon's Defence. 236
Mr. Rochfort's Reply. 238
Dr. Delany's Reply. 241
Sheridan's Reply. 242
A Rejoinder by the Dean, in Jackſon's Name. 243
Another Rejoinder by the Dean, in Jackſon's Name. 245
Sheridan's Submiſſion. By the Dean. 246
To the Rev. Daniel Jackſon. To be humbly preſented by Mr. Sheridan in Perſon, with Reſpect, Care, and Speed. 247
To Dr. Sheridan, on his Art of Punning. 250
Stella to Dr. Swift. On his Birth-day, Nov. 30, *1721.* 251